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Affairs of State.

By Burton E. Stevenson

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CHAPTER III.

Distinguished Arrivals at Weet-Sur-Mer.

Even at this unaccustomed hour of the morning the beach was black with people. It was not to bathe that they had come, for a chill north wind was blowing; nor was it to promenade, for they were not promenading; indeed, it was the fashionable hour for another of these things, and no one ever dreamed of doing them at any hour other than the fashionable one. It was rather the fashionable hour to turn painfully over in one's bed and ring the bell and signify that coffee and rolls would be acceptable.

This morning there had been scant time for such refreshment, or for that preliminary stretching which is so grateful to bodies wearied by late hours and too-rapid living. Instead, nearly all the sojourners at Weet-sur-Mer had arisen from their beds, had hurried forth to the beach and stood there now, facing unanimously seawards, staring toward the dim horizon, only moving convulsively from time to time in the effort to keep warm. Those who had glasses used them; those who had none strained nature's binoculars to the limit of vision. From all of which it will be seen that the notary had done his work well, and that neither had Monsieur Pelletan been backward in spreading the news of the unparalleled occurrence which was about to happen.

"He iss to arrive between t'e hours of 7 unt 8," he had announced. "Hiss highness, pe it understood, Lord Vernon, t'e great Englishman. He comes in a special vessel—a sheep-of-t'e war," he added with a triumphant flourish. "He could pring mit him t'e whole nafy of England, if he wish't!" Ah, what an honor for Weet-sur-Mer! And what a blow for the Grand Hotel Splendide across the way!

Yet Monsieur Pelletan did not in the least understand how it had come to pass; he suspected his partner of some sort of clairvoyance, of some supernatural power of compelling events, and his admiration for him had deepened to awe. But into this question he did not permit himself to enter deeply; he was content to know that fame and prosperity were returning with a rush to the Grand Hotel Royal. Already there had been a score of applicants for rooms; the corridors were again assuming that air of liviiness and paiety which had characterized them in those golden days when the august Prince of Zeit-Zeit had been his annual guest. He was no longer ashamed to meet the proprietor of the Grand Hotel Splendide face to face in the full day; he was a different person from the despairing individual of the day before; in a word, he was no longer in ruins! He had been restored, as so many ruins are, by the hand of an American!

At this moment he held the centre of the stage, and it was easy to read in his bearing the consciousness that he deserved the limelight. A strip of crimson carpet had been stretched across the sand to the very water's edge; on either side of it a dozen deferous footmen were aligned, and between them Monsieur Pelletan proudly marched, his head in the air, his back very straight, preceding a big, hooded invalid's chair.

Immediately a murmur arose.

"He is ill then!"

"Why the chair?"

"He is coming to take the baths."

The murmur no doubt penetrated to the ears of the little Alsatian, bbut he made no sign. He was aware that the envious eyes of the proprietor of the Grand Hotel Splendide were upon him; he would show him that here was a guest more majestic, more worthy of honour than even the Prince of Zeit-Zeit!—a Highness, in short, so extraordinary as to cause that august personage to resemble, in some incomprehensible way, the sum of one franc fifty centimes! Otherwise there would have been no carpet, for the sand was hard and dry. Otherwise, too, perhaps, Monsieur Pelletan would have been content to permit his major-domo to represent him at the water's edge, for he was not accustomed to exposing himself thus to the sharp airs of the morning. His fat red cheeks and plump nose were turning a dull purple—ah, how good would a glass of cognac taste!—but he bore this discomfort with the greatest fortitude, for, after all, an occasion such as this was worth some sacrifice.

And, be it said, his was not the only purple nose in evidence. There were many men who stared straight before them, daring to look neither to the right nor left; and many women who were thankful or the heavy veils they had had the forethought to put on. Even rouge, however cunningly applied, cannot hide certain ugly lines in the face in the clear, cruel light of the morning!

Strange how the same breeze will give to some cheeks a dull repulsiveness and to others an entrancing glow! A word to lovers: Would you test your mistress's blood and spirit, persuade her to walk some sharp day in winter; or, if she will not be persuaded, use a little artifice. Then, after wind and frost have had their will of her for half an hour, take a look at her. Are her cheeks glowing, are her eyes bright, is she having a good time? If not, take heed!

There were four cheeks upon the beach at Weet-sur-Mer that morning glowing as I would have your true love's glow; drawing men's eyes and women's too—the one in admiration, the other in envy. Yes, envy! Though more than one shivering fair spoke a low, slurring word about those coarse Americans!"

Both Pelletan and the notary had been careful to respect Rushford's wish that his connection with the hotel be kept to themselves; in all their boastings, rejoicings, explanations, his name had not been whispered; and prior to his daughters had that gentleman confided the secret of his plan to get the excitement he had craved so badly. He had feared, perhaps, that they would not enter into the spirit of the thing—women, even American women, are sometimes strangely deficient in the sense of humour. But they had both been struck by their host's impressive obsequiousness—a very orgasm of servility, which Pelletan had hitherto reserved for personages of the blood royal.

"What ails the man?" Susie had asked at dinner the night before, her eyes on Monsieur Pelletan's writhing form. "He seems to have the stomach-ache."

"He is probably fishing for a tip," said Nell. "It seems to me that I've seen those symptoms before in less violent form."

"Don't you tip him," commanded their father. "I'll attend to all that," and he beckoned to Pelletan with his finger and whispered a rapid sentence in his ear.

"What did you say to him, dad?" inquired Sue, gazing in some astonishment after their host's retreating coat-tails.

"I told him to go 'way back and sit down," answered Rushford, going calmly on with his meal.

"Dad, is it true that Lord Vernon is to arrive tomorrow morning?"

"I suppose so."

"In a ship of war?"

"Yes—I've heard that, too."

"You'll take us down to the beach, dad?"

"What! A free-born American citizen go toadying after the English aristocracy!"

"But we'll need a cicerone, dad."

"What for, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, what are cicerones always for? To get us a good place, to be sure!"

So here he was, in the forefront of the crowd, with his womenkind beside him, and no doubt the discerning reader has already guessed that it was to their cheeks I referred some pages back. There were many grandes dames upon the beach that morning—some the real thing, a little plain, a little faded, rather touching to look upon—others, for the most part articles de Paris, very tall and plump and even handsome, if one likes the gorgeous type, with gowns created by the great costumers and paid for heaven knows how! But I always think with a little warmth of pride and admiration of those two American girls standing there, wind-blown and radiant. Coarse, madame! Ah, what would you not give for a little of that coarseness! After all, freshness is a woman's greatest charm, as you very well know, madame, though you try your best to think otherwise; and, alas, you are fast losing yours! For, as you have found—as untold thousands have found before you, and will yet find—one can't squander one's youth and keep it, too! Ave, more than that. The sins of the night stare at one from one's glass on the morrow, and will not be massaged away. Take your baths, madame, in milk, or wine, or perfumed water; summon your masseuse, your beauty doctor. Let them rub you and knead you and pinch you, coat you with cold cream or grease you with oil of olives. Redden cheeks and lips, whiten hands and shoulders, polish nails, pencil eyebrows, squeeze in the waist, pad out the hips—swallow, at the last, that little tablet which you slip from the jewelled case at your wrist. It is all in vain. You deceive no man nor woman. They look into your eyes and smile, but behind the smile there is a shudder!

Nell and Susie Rushford, with the wind playing in their hair and kissing their cheeks, that morning, were miracles of freshness; two divine messages, two phantoms of delight, sent from the New World to the Old. And one was dark, with tints of violet In hair and eyes, and one was blond as she
Who rose—a second daybreak—from the sea,
Gold-tressed and azure-eyed.

Nell, the elder, was tall and fair, like her father, rather sedate, with not quite the sparkle of Susie, two years her junior, the counterpart of the little mother whom she had never seen. And both were erect and bright-eyed as only American girls seem to know completely how to be; visibly healthy, happy, and pure-minded. I should like to pause and look at them a moment longer, for I have always been a little in love with them myself; I should like to add to the verses of our own dear poet certain lines of Wordsworth, of Burns, of Byron—but you, dear reader, will recall them readily, especially if you belong, as I hope you do, to the great and glorious fraternity of true lovers; if your heart burns and your pulses leap at mention of a certain name, at sight of a dear face—

There came a sudden hum of excitement from the crowd.

"Look, look!" cried Susie. "There it is!" and she clapped her glasses to her eyes again.

Far out against the horizon appeared a smudge of smoke, which grew and spread until those with glasses could perceive beneath it the low, dark lines of a man-of-war. It was true then! Some had permitted themselves to doubt the story spread so industriously by Monsieur Pelletan and his friend, the notary—the proprietor of the Grand Hotel Splendide had counselled scepticism. Now they could doubt no longer, and they drew a deep breath. A ship of war at Weet-sur-Mer!

Straight toward the beach she steamed, looming larger and ever larger; then her speed slackened, slackened, until at last she lay rolling quietly a quarter of a mile off-shore. A shrill piping came over the water as the crew was mustered amidships and the boarding stairs lowered.

"Well, he must be a swell!" said Sue, "or they wouldn't take all that trouble. There goes the boat."

And splash it went into the water, the crew tumbled in, and two men slowly helped another down the stairs, while the crew stood at attention. Some baggage was lowered, then the oars dipped together and a little spurt of foam appeared under the bow.

"Why, it's like a moving-picture machine!" cried Susie, with a little gasp of enjoyment. "Or a comic opera!" she added, wrestling with her glasses to get them focussed on the moving boat. "The hero's sitting in the stern," she announced. "He's all wrapped up and there's another man holding him. I can't see anything of him but his eyes, for he's got a handkerchief or something over the lower part of his face. He must be awfully ill, poor fellow!"

"Probably got the grip," observed her father, practically. "Wants to keep out of the damp air. I think he'd be better off at home in bed."

"Oh, but then," protested Nell—

"Then we shouldn't have this show," said her father, and laughed grimly at the thought that neither would fortune have smiled so promptly on the Grand Hotel Royal.

The oars flashed suddenly upright; two men sprang from the bow, with a fine disregard of a wetting, and pulled the boat far in. Then the bemuffled figure was lifted tenderly and carried to the waiting chair, where Monsieur Pelletan was bowing with his head almost touching the carpet. The invalid was started toward the hotel without delay, three men accompanying him, under the leadership of Pelletan; the baggage was heaped on the beach and taken in charge by the hotel porters. A moment later the boat shoved off.

A few waited to watch it make its way back to the ship, which immediately steamed away toward the horizon; others followed the procession headed by the invalid's chair; still others hurried ahead to confer their patronage upon the Grand Hotel Royal; but the greater part hastened back to their rooms to get something hot and bracing. From one end to the other, the place was a-buzz with wagging tongues. Why should the foreign secretary of the British Empire have chosen Weet-sur-Mer as his abiding place? Merely because he was ill and wished to rest? Bah! To believe that would be to show a mind the most credulous, would be to evince an ignorance of high diplomacy the most profound. Again, why should he have made the journey from England in a ship of war? Depend upon it, there was a mystery here; a mystery not to be solved in a moment even by such eminent amateurs as those assembled at Weet-sur-Mer. It would take time—it would take study. But it was worth it! There was something behind all this—something more than appeared on the surface—in a word, a Plot! And the best place to study it,—the only place, indeed,—was the Grand Hotel Royal.

So, instantly, there was a great packing of luggage, a despatching of couriers, an engaging of rooms, a settling of bills which drove the proprietor of the Splendide half mad with chagrin. He protested, he swore, he offered concessions the most unheard of—all in vain. His day was over!

Rushford, his work as cicerone des dames accomplished, returned leisurely to the hotel, while the girls started for their accustomed walk. He smiled grimly to himself as he entered the office, the scene was so different from that of yesterday. For the moment, all was excitement. Monsieur Pelletan and his assistants were busy attending to the wants of their distinguished guest; down in the kitchen, the chef was cursing the stupidity of the unfortunate menials under him and striving madly to prove himself worthy the occasion—the greatest of his life! Every moment, a porter toiled up to the door with a load of luggage; every moment some arrived demanding a room—and not one murmured at the tariff! The lift groaned and creaked under the unaccustomed weights put upon it and moved more slowly than ever. Pelletan, as he hurried past, mopping his perspiring brow, had time only for a single glance at his good angel—but what a glance! Such a glance, no doubt, Coumbus caught from his lieutenants at the cry of "Land Ho!"

Rushford, leaning over the desk, watching the confusion with an amusement which had banished every trace of ennui, felt his arm touched. He turned and recognized the be-gilt messenger of the day before.

"A second telegram for monsieur," said that functionary, with an amiable grin, and produced the message.

There was no time for hesitation. Rushford took it, signed the blank, and fished up the expected tip.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave!" he murmured, and looked at the address on the little white envelope. It read:

M. le Proprictaire,
Grand Hotel Royal,
Weet-sur-Mer.

"The plot thickens!" he murmured. "Well, its' really for me. Let's see," and he tore it open. He whistled again as he read the message; then he called the nearest boy. "Tell Monsieur Pelletan to come here at once," he said. "Tell him I must speak to him on a matter of importance."

At the end of a moment, the little man puffed down the stair, exhausted, radiant!

"Iss eet not grand!" he cried. "What a change from yesterday! T'ough how you haf accomplishe' eet, monsieur—"

"No matter," interrupted Rushford. "Which is the next best of your apartments, Pelletan?"

"T'e nex' best? Why, apartment B, monsieur. Eet iss t'e counterpart of apartment A, only on t'e nort' side of t'e house instead of t'e sout.'"

"And it is still empty?"

"At two hundret francs t'e tay? Oh, yess, monsieur; only a prince himself can afford eet now."

"Well, you will prepare it at once—"

"Ah, monsieur himself will take eet! T'at iss just! I shall pe too happy—"

"No, no; you've just said that only a Prince can afford it and it's my business to produce him! Let's see—it's nearly nine—well, at ten o'clock, there will arrive in a special train—"

Monsieur Pelletan had turned pale.

"Een a special train?" he faltered. "What! Some one else?"

"Yes—at ten o'clock—"

"Who iss eet will arrive, monsieur?" questioned Pelletan faintly.

"His Highness, Prince Frederick of Markeld, ambassador from the court of Schloshold-Markheim," answered Rushford, dwelling upon every word. "We will give him apartment B."

(To be Continued.)

Shetland's Tame Gulls

THERE are many small villages in the world that have only one street, but Lerwick, in Shetland, besides having only a single street possesses only one tree, and it is not a very tall one, either. There are no birds there, not even a sparrow, but the seagulls are plentiful.

The inhabitants of Shetland are very proud of their tree and very kind to the gulls, of whom the children make pets. Children who are brought for the first time to see the wonders of one-streeted Lerwick, are always shown, as a great curiosity, "the only tree in Shetland."

The seagulls are the sparrows of Lerwick, and as such they have a greater share in the town's life than the sparrows of London. In the morning you will note that a seagull sits on every chimney pot. Seagulls swoop and hover over every roof in town. The air is full of their strange, high, plaintive, haunting cries.

Every house has its own familiar seagulls and every street its own band of them. But, according to the Fruit Magazine, they never mix. The children in each house have a pet name for their own particular seagulls; and, having called them by those names, they feed them every day.

Each seagull knows what is meant for him. No bird attached to one house ever seeks to eat the food scattered from the house next door. He does not dare to do so. So all day long the seagulls hover and call over the roofs of Lerwick.

The people of the town, if they come across a little pile of rice laid upon the roadway step over it with care. They know that it has been placed there for some seagull. And at night the seagulls leave their appointed chimneypots and fly gracefully away to their resting places on the rocks of the Isle of Noss.

French Ladybird in America

MLLE. HELENE DUTERIEU.

Mlle. Helene Duterieu, the daring little French aviator who holds the records for distance and height among birdwomen, arrived in New York the other day on the French liner La Province just in time for the opening of the aviation meet at Nassau boulevard.

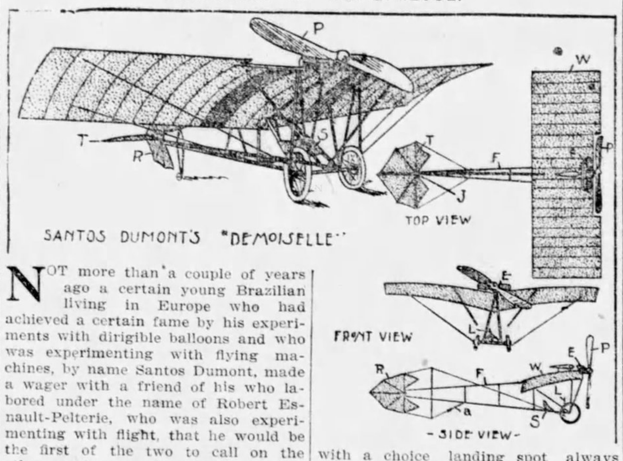
Mlle. Duterieu has a very particular mission—that is to have an air race with two of America's best known women aviators, Miss Quimby and Miss Moisant.

The French woman is just 30, weighs 95 pounds and is heart whole and fancy free. After making these admissions she added: "And the man who wants me must catch me in the air."

MODERN AEROPLANES

Santos Dumont's "Demoiselle"

DESCRIBED BY WM. B. STOUT.



NOT more than a couple of years ago a certain young Brazilian living in Europe who had achieved a certain fame by his experiments with dirigible balloons and who was experimenting with flying machines, by name Santos Dumont, made a wager with a friend of his who labored under the name of Robert Esnault-Pelterie, who was also experimenting with flight, that he would be the first of the two to call on the other one by aeroplane and return by the same means.

Such feats now are of everyday occurrence, but at that time were unheard of.

Some few months after the wager was made Santos Dumont won 5,000 francs by flying the five miles between the two country places and back in a machine of his own construction; and what made the world sit up and take notice was that he flew with only a 30-horsepower motor and on a machine but 20 feet long and with 20 feet wing spread. This a monoplane, too, when the successful fliers of that day were the slower biplanes.

His speed was well toward a mile a minute, which again stamped the feat as marking an epoch.

It is surprising with all the types of flying machines which we have that so few chainges have been made in their respective designs since the first ones of their type appeared.

The Bleriot is practically the same machine today that it was when the first flight across the channel was made. The Farman has been little changed from the beginning except in details; and the machine which Santos Dumont developed and flew to Buc has been little changed from his record-breaking diminutive "Demoiselle," as he called it.

The Santos Dumont machine holds no records at present that I know of, but is none the less one of the most interesting of fliers. No machine can perform the astonishing feats in the air with this little "mosquito," as some have dubbed it, goes through. Small and light and "tippy," it seems always a wonder to the spectators that the little toy keeps afloat; and in the hands of Garros it will make the larger machines look to their laurels for exhibition work.

As a practical machine it has not proved itself as being fully developed, but for evolutions over a good field with a choice landing spot always near, it has fulfilled its purpose admirably in the entertainment of thousands.

The wings of the machine are of 20 foot spread (few biplanes are under 30) with a depth of wing of about six feet.

The main framework, or "fuselage," is built up of bamboo.

The wings (w) are given a peculiar curve fore and aft, this curve being about four inches deep at a point about half way back on the planes.

For side balancing the wings are slanted up a bit from the center, or given as airmen would say, "a slight dihedral angle," as in the front view. This assists the stability of the machine, but at high speeds it is likely to start it to swinging like a pendulum.

The tail (T) is the peculiar part of the "Demoiselle," as it is built up on sticks and cloth much like a lad's kite and is mounted on a universal joint (J) at the "tail end" of the fuselage, which allows it to turn in any direction except to twist.

Thus that tail can be turned right and left to steer one way or the other, or can be tipped up and down for climbing or descending.

The movement of the tail is controlled by wires running to a lever (L) in the pilot's hand, the fore and aft motion of this controlling the tail as in the side view.

The front view shows the side balancing scheme.

The front edges of the wings are trussed solid with wire so they cannot move in relation to the main frame or fuselage.

The rear edges are trussed by wires running through pulleys in the fuselage. The side movement of the hand lever (L) pulls or releases these wires and thus pulls down one or the other rear edges of the wings, depending on which way the lever is pulled. This is in effect the wing-warping scheme of the Wrights.

Cracker Lunches.

Bakers Weekly.

New York city alone has nearly 750,000 children attending the public schools. What a splendid opportunity to provide this vast army of healthy youngsters with a wholesome and appetizing cracker lunch, done up in a neat package and still cheap enough to be within the reach of even the poorer parents.

We once saw one of these cracker lunches as got up by a large biscuit concern in Germany. The paper box contained six delicious crackers with a marmalade filling, and there was an empty compartment for a nice red apple or a couple of plums, which of course were added by the mother of the child. These school lunches, exclusive of the fruit, were sold at 5 pfennigs, or about 1¼ cents.

In a Rose Garden.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We will not care at all.
It will not matter then a whit,
The honey or the gall,
The Summer days that we have known
Will all forgotten be and flown;
The garden will be overgrown
Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We will not mind the pain,
The throbbing, crimson tide of life
Will not have left a stain,
The song we sing together, dear,
The dream we dream together here,
Will mean no more than means a tear
Amid a Summer rain.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
The grief will all be o'er;
The sea of care will surge in vain
Upon a careless shore.
These glasses we turn down today,
Here at the parting of the way,
We shall be wineless then as they,
And will not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We'll neither know nor care
What came of all life's bitterness,
Or followed love's despair.
Then fill the glasses up again
And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;
We'll build one castle more in Spain,
And dream one more dream there.

—John Bennett.

FARM LABOR SCARCE AND SOMETIMES HIGH

IT is officially estimated that the time of human labor required to produce a bushel of corn or of wheat has been reduced in the last 60 or 70 years by more than 80 per cent. This is due to labor saving machinery, to the modern plough, harrow, planter, reaper and binder. The corn sheller and the threshing machine do more in a minute than was done in two or three hours a generation ago. The per capita production on the farm has increased greatly when measured either in bushels, tons or dollars. While these devices have not actually brought the prices of farm products to lower levels, they have made possible the production of crops of sufficient abundance to meet fairly the modern demand and have made that production possible at prices that buyers can afford to pay. On the other hand the wages of farm laborers have advanced greatly.

Because of wide differences in rates in different parts of the country, differences in conditions of employment and payment, and particularly because of inexact records of conditions in earlier years, comparison of wage rates only be made on an approximate and somewhat uncertain basis. The matter has been investigated by the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture as far back as 1866. From its findings it appears that in that year "the average wage rate of $15.50 was paid for the labor of men on farms a month in hiring by the year without board." The rate advanced to $17.10 in 1875, to $18.52 about 1880, and by degrees to $25.46 in 1909, roughly an increase of 66 per cent for the period. In frequent instances the pay is supplemented by such items as the use of a dwelling and by land for a garden or pasture, by wood for fuel or other privileges. Rates for employment by the month are much higher and rates by the day are above rates by the month. These represent the pay during sasons of special activity such as the gathering of crops. A considerable difference appears in the rates in different sections of the country. Thus in 1909, when wages were $19 or $20 a month in the south Atlantic states, they were about $30 in the north Atlantic and north central groups, and in the western group about $45.

The bureau reports that "farm wages are high in states in which there has been large development of manufacturing, mining, mechanical pursuits, trade and transportation, in comparison with states poorly or less developed in those directions." This statement might seem open to question when the rates in Nebraska, Dakota, Iowa and Kansas are compared with rates in New England, New York and Pennsylvania, but it doubtless holds true as a general rule. The drift of the labor from country to city and the consequent depletion of the labor supply in rural areas has been matter of frequent comment. In earlier years this tendency was in a measure offset by immigrants ho went to the land, but most of the immigrants of today see the cities in spite of their registry in the immigration office as "farm laborers." In the fiscal year 1910 not less than 288,745 arrivals were so recorded at the time of their entrance. The decline in immigrant settlement on the land is attributed broadly to the exhaution of the supply of cheap and desirable public land. Few of those who come to our shores are able to pay the prices charged for land in developed condition, and few seek employment as farm hands.

To those who must depend unon their hands for a living farm work offers more than is generally credited to it. The wage return as expressed in money seems small when it is compared with wages in many other lines of industry, but the seeming difference is offset and frequently more than offset by other factors, by the cheaper rent, the cheaper food supplies and by the absence of many social requiremests that are an almost unavoidable part of life in a city. The bureau sought information on the subject and found that it was reasonably possible for more that 70 per cent. of farm laborers and tenants to become farm owners, independent proprietors. It is evidently a question of industry plus fair intelligence Their investigations led the officials of the bureau to an opinion thatit is little likely that the town and city populations will supply any considerable part of the agricultural labor fact that farm work isfar less arduous than it used to be and country life vastly more comfortable. Even the increased wages seem to offer little inducement. t is also thought that no supply from the city will be needed if the cityward movement from the country can be checked, if the boys can be shown that their chances of comfort and profit, of a modest competence, are greater on the farm than in the factory or the store, in an office or as railway employes, motormen, conductors, or in the other lines into which country boys drift in their search for employment. To those who study this movement from country to city in the light of the economic development of the country in the last generation and in the light of the present status of wage rates, commodity prices and social progress, the advastages of the farm are more impressive than they appear to be to the farmer's boy.

Meanwhile the wage rate on the farm, probably not yet at or perhaps even near its maximum, is a factor of some importance in the cost of living.

Rare Colonial Flag.

Spokane Dispatch to New York World.

W. T. Denniston, of 1927 Broadway, cherishes an American flag which has been in the Denniston family for 121 years. The flag, which is of bunting and all hand sewn, was made in 1790. It is a flag of the revolution, having 13 stars and 13 stripes.

The Strange Case of Eleanor Cuyler

BY KINGSLAND CROSBY

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"Then!" Barrett began; but paused suddenly. . . . "Good night," he went on. "I'm going to bed."

"Good night—see you at the club for an early breakfast."

The newspaper containing Wotsirb's advertisement, and Eleanor's portrait, had been published at about 5 o'clock that afternoon. The secret service man was hungry and tried, but one thing more must be attended to before his day's work should be over. He must inform Cuyler of what Major Hartwell haid said, and put him on his guard.

A telephone to Johnson brought word that the financier probably would leave his office before 6, and go directly to his town house, where at 8 o'clock an important meeting was to be held. He could see Wotsirb there at 7:45.

The detective arrived on the minute, and Cuyler received him in his library—a large room with lofty ceiling, on the second floor and at the extreme rear of the great house. The high walls were lined with shelves and cases of books; placed here and there were half a dozen magnificent rugs; two or three massive tables, Cuyler's own personal desk, and a dozen chairs half hidden in the dim expanse of the room, completed its contents.

The banker, standing near a yawning, empty fireplace, did not move as Wotsirb appeared.

"What has happened?" he said brusquely. The strain was telling on him.

"I wont' keep you long," Wotsirb responded. "Do you know what interests are back of this raid on your properties?"

"I think I do. We have had cables all afternoon—our sources of information are pretty accurate, you know . . . . Some of our foreign competitors are endeavoring to get a large railroads project away from us."

"That confirms my own information," Wotsirb remarked. "Do you see any connection between this business warfare and your daughter's disappearance?"

Cuyler looked at the opposite wall for a moment.

"No," he answered finally. "Do you?"

"Possibly, but not certainly. There is nothing those foreign competitors would not attempt in order to achieve their object; which, I take it, is to ruin you, then step in and finance that military highway themselves, deflecting it from the south to the east—and preserving the peace of central Europe. Am I right?"

"That is your business to judge."

"I am right!" Wotsirb declared. "Furthermore, I have reason to think that the abduction of your daughter may be part of a definite plan to so overwhelm you with anxiety that you will be forced to neglect the management of your affairs. In which event a panic might be brought and and carry your banking house down in a crash."

The two men faced each other.

"Have you thought of that as a possible reason for the abduction, Mr. Cuyler?"

"It seems very far-fetched."

"It does," Wotsirb agreed. "But I wanted to suggest it so that you would see the importance of throwing yourself wholly into the work of stopping this onslaught in the street. If my theory is correct, and the enemy see they cannot force you to let go your grip, they will try something else and release your daughter. Rest assured, Mr. Cuyler, their agents will not hold her a day longer than is absolutely necessary. Every hour she is in their control increases the danger that she will be found and that they will be captured."

"You need have no fear as to my financial affairs," the other said grimly. "My business interests will be protected—amply. Your job is to find Miss Cuyler. Do it."

As Wotsirb went down the front steps to the street he passed three gentlemen coming up, two of whom he recognized as Boston bankers. On his walk toward Fifth avenue, half a block distant, he met Bloodgood and a railway president from Philadelphia. As he turned into the avenue a cab passed him containing two bank presidents who had hurried from their summer homes to the city that afternoon in response to telegraphic summons.

Cuyler was preparing to deal back blow for blow, and to follow them up with relentless energy upon his European assailants.

The secret service man paused as he saw one group after another quietly enter the great, lonely house he had just left, for a long council of war.

"I have troubles of my own," he philosophised, "but I wouldn't carry the strain Cuyler is under, year in and year out, for all the money and all the power in the United States!"

XI.

The following afternoon, Tuesday, Wotsirb called at the newspaper office to receive any response that might have been sent to his advertisement. Several answers awaited him, two written on pink note-paper, one on stationery of straw color, and two on blue. He had expected such replies as these, and the communications were tossed into a waste basket.

Another day might bring forth the hoped-for result; meantime Wotsirb had much to occupy his time. If he should hear from someone who could give him a clue as to Eleanor Cuyler's whereabouts, well and good. On the other hand, should the advertisement fail he must be ready to move quickly in a different direction. In order to be prepared for a sudden move he took a picture of the missing girl to a photo-engraving house, ordered a half-tone electrotype made therefrom, and 20,000 excellent proofs to be pulled at the earliest possible moment. Then he carefully drafted a circular describing a girl of Eleanor's appearance, but of another name and address, who was missing from home; and ordered 20,000 copies to be printed. If he heard no news in a day or two he would persuade Cuyler to let him send a copy of the picture and one of the circulars to every police justice, coroner, district attorney, poor master, asylum, hospital, police department, workhouse, and prison in the United States. He knew where he could obtain a list of them, and in 24 hours the envelopes could be addressed by a mailing agency.

All of Tuesday night he spent at his gymnasium—fighting an intricate game of chess with a professional player. That was Wotsirb's one method of keeping in condition for his peculiar work, as an athlete would keep in training by muscular exercise and proper diet. To the secret service man the mystery of Eleanor Cuyler was simply a problem—nothing more nor less; a problem which it was his business to solve, and solve it he must or lose a certain amount of professional prestige, together with a larger amount of personal pride. His mind did not concern itself especially with the tragic elements in the case; the mental anxiety of the father, or Mrs. Hazard's sleepless fears. As for Winthrop and other friends of the missing girl, he scarcely thought of them at all, excepting as possible aids in his mastery of the game. To be sure his sympathies were excited somewhat. He hoped that no harm would come to Miss Cuyler, and he hoped soon to find her and restore her to her home. But the main thing was to find her—to solve the problem, to win the game.

As yet he was not definitely satisfied as to the reason for Eleanor's disappearance; but he must determine it somehow or trust to chance. And, while ever willing to take advantage of chance, yet he never trusted to it.

On he played, that night, facing his chess board, carefully, logically, sure of his plans, but ready to change them instantly; and all the while he was subconsciously thinking of the other and greater problem on which he was engaged. At 4 o'clock Wednesday morning he saw victory ahead, and at 5 was in his hotel sound asleep.

When he called at the newspaper office early Wednesday afternoon he found a letter awaiting him. The envelope was addressed in awkwardly formed handwriting, and the message within was brief. It told him to call at a house located in Thirty-sixth street, a block or so west of Broadway, and to ask for Mrs. Brown. The note concluded thus:

"I can tell the information you want. She was here, brown and white, but not when they took her away."

Half an hour later Wotsirb was ringing the bell of an old-fashioned

SYSTEM FULL OF URIC ACID---THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY CURED.

Two years ago I was very sick and after being treated by several of the best physicians in Clinton, I did not seem to get any better. I was confined to my bed. Seeing Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root advertised, I resolved to give it a trial. After using it for three weeks, I found I was gaining nicely, so I continued until I had taken a number of bottles. I am now restored to health and have continued my labors. My system was full of Uric acid, but Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I am sixty years old.

Yours very truly,
W. C. COOK.
1203 Eighth Ave., Clinton, Iowa.

State of Iowa | ss.
Clinton County |

On this 13th day of July, A. D., 1909, W. C. Cook to me personally known appeared before me and in my presence subscribed and swore to the above and foregoing statement.

DALE H. SHEPPARD.
Notary Public,
In and for Clinton County.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

dwelling, in a neighborhood at that time having a reputation none too savory. Here and there, in the vicinity, negroes had moved in, and the new apartments, not far distant, were already nicknamed "Soubrette Row."

A stout, middle-aged woman of frowsy appearance answered his ringing of the bell, opened the door a few inches, and peered at him with distrust in her keen, black eyes.

"Are you Mrs. Brown?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"I received your answer to my advertisement," he went ont, showing her the letter.

For a moment she hesitated, then opened wide the door, saying, "Come in."

He followed her through a dark, dirty hallway to a room at the left, once the reception room of some family of distinction, but now cluttered with a bed, several chairs, a couple of trunks, a sewing machine, and other furniture.

"Excuse the muss," the woman said, sweeping a pile of newspapers from a chair, "and set down. This is where I live, myself. All the other rooms is took by lodgers."

Wotsirb sat down, crossing his knee comfortably.

"Well," he began, "what do you know about the young lady?"

The stout woman sat down on a trunk and fanned herself.

"I don't want no reward and no trouble," she began nervously. "I just wanta tell somebody, because I never had nothin' like it happen in all the years I been keepin' a respectable furnished room house for gents and married couples exclusive."

"Don't be disturbed, Mrs. Brown. Nobody is going to do you any harm. I just want to get a line on that very charming and attractive young lady."

"Be you from the central office, or a Pinkerton?" she asked suddenly.

"Neither," he responded.

"Then you're altogether private?"

He nodded.

"Of course," she went on, "when I see the girl's picture in the paper a couple of days ago, I recognized it in a second, as her who was brought here, especially when her brown suit and white parasol and gloves was mentioned. And I can tell you it give my heart a jump when I see also that it was Mort'mer Cuyler's girl—him as is the banker, ain't he?"

Wotsirb again nodded, and Mrs. Brown continued to fan herself harder and harder. After a moment or two she spoke again:

"I knew then that somehow I would be dragged into it—I do have the worst luck with roomers! I knew that a man like him would never let up to his dying day, until he'd gone clean to the bottom of the hull thing. I made up my mind to go to his office next morning, when I happened to see your advertisement, and knew, of course, he had put somebody on the job."

As she proceeded, the woman grew more and more nervous, her voice breaking now and then.

Wotsirb saw his opportunity, and pulled out of an inner pocket a memorandum book, two or three blank pages of which he studiously regarded. Mrs. Brown interrupted him.

"I don't care if you have a copy of that last case!" she exclaimed. "I was cleared at once, and the district attorney ordered it squashed before it even come to trial."

"How about the one before that?" asked Wotsirb, closing the memorandum book and replacing it in his pocket.

"It was a conspiracy, that's what it was—a tryin' to drag me into a game where a couple of gents hired rooms and then turned out they was dealin' in green goods."

"Just the same, Mrs. Brown, this Eleanor Cuyler case is the third in a comparatively short time — and it doesn't look for you; not at all good."

"I tell you, sergeant, that's the reason I answered your piece in the paper. I want to square myself first off before anything happens."

Wotsirb stood up, stepped over to the excited woman and looked down at her. She shrank under his steady, penetrating, silent gaze.

"There's just one thing you can do to clear yourself," he said, quietly, "and that is to help me in every possible way. If you join hands with me and put me in the way of finding Miss Cuyler, I'll promise that no harm will come to you. But if you fail—if I don't find her at once—you'll spend the next 20 years behind the bars. You know what abduction means so far as being a state's prison offense."

"Abduction!" the woman gasped. "Do you mean kidnaping—like?"

Wotsirb nodded.

"That's what I mean," he said. "It's worse than burglary or highway robbery—worse than any other crime but murder in the first degree."

Mrs. Brown did not burst into hysterical sobbing. The situation was too serious for mere outward demonstration. But she was frightened; thoroughly terrified.

"Now start in and tell all you know," Wotsirb commanded, resuming his seat, half-closing his eyes. And she did so.

"It was in the early part of the month," she began, "that two men and a woman come here and engaged rooms back of this one, on the ground floor. They was friends. One was a priest, the other a professor of some sort and his wife. They brought three big leather satchels stuffed full of clothes. They come about July tenth, and besause one was a priest I didn't ask no rent in advance. They went out early in the morning and stayed late, the two men did. She, the professor's wife, stayed home all day long, keeping in her room, except when she'd run out at noon a few minutes for lunch, and then come right back again. Once or twice in the mornings when I'd go to their rooms and offer to tidy up, I'd find the beds all made and nothing for me to do. She said I needn't trouble to do the work, and never offered to ask me to come in, which I thought was odd, especially as very time I seen through the door I noticed them leather satchels was packed ready to move at a moment's notice."

She paused, gulped once or twice, and heaved a sigh.

"Go on," said oWtsirb.

"Well, things kep' along this way until a week ago Monday, when about noon a cab came racing up to the house, and tore off again as soon as the professor and the priest got out. Walking between 'em was a young lady in brown, with white gloves and a white parasol. She seemed sick, dazed-like, and they had hold of her each side. They helped her into the house, took her to the professor's room, and locked the door. I knocked once in the afternoon to see if anything was wanted, and the priest came out. He said it was all right. The young lady was a friend they had met across town feeling ill on account of the heat, and they was going to let her rest until after sunset. That was all right, of course, and seemed natural."

"Certainly," said Wotsirb, encouragingly; "and what then?"

"About half-past seven or so that night a two-horse carriage drove up, and all four hurried out to it, carrying their satchels, lifted her into it, and dashed off afore I could stop they. . . . And they never paid a cent for them rooms!" she concluded indignantly.

"So that is what made you glad to tell of the job?"

"No, sir!" Mrs. Brown replied. "What scared me, as I looked from a third-story window, was what I saw when they got down to the curbstone, where the light shined on them. I only had one good look, but I took in everything. The professor's wife was about as usual, except for a veil over her face. But the professor had shaved off his beard, and wore big goggles, while the priest had on farmer's clothes, and a white wig and long white whiskers!"

"And Miss Cuyler?"

"That was worst of all. The poor young thing was dressed in a slimpsy black dress, and her head was hidden in a big Shaker bonnet. She seemed sicker than ever, too, and they almost carried her across the sidewalk to the carriage. . . . I was that scared I hollered to Abe Laskovitch down the shaft to follow and see where they went."

"Who is he?"

(To be Continued.)

MAPLEINE FLAVORING Use it like lemon and vanilla. A delicious syrup is made by dissolving white sugar in water and adding Mapleine. Grocers sell Mapleine; if not, send 35c for 2oz. bottle and recipe book. Write to Dept. S CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

Will some reader of the Farmstead please tell me how to spay a female pig, and how old they should be?—D., Hewett, W. Va.

I would like to have the following question answered in the Farmstead columns: Will someone send a recipe for making cheese, giving full details? How can I exterminate a black spotted bug that is causing our turnips to rot? What causes a cow to have scours when she is fresh? I would be very grateful for answers to these questions.—C., Buffalo, W. Va.

CITRON PRESERVES

To make citron preserves first pare the citrons and remove the seeds. Then slice or cut them into cubes and weigh. After this is done put them in a preserving kettle and cover with water. Cook until nearly done and the fruit begins to get transparent. To every seven pounds of citrons sprinkle three pounds of sugar and cook until transparent. Before cooking the fruit add three or four sliced lemons.—A., Elfdred, Pa.

HAND-FED CALF

Where the calf is to be raised by hand, it may be separated from its mother immediately, or allowed to stay with her from 24 to 36 hours. We find it better to allow the youngster to take nourishment direct from its mother for a few times and then separate them permanently. The first milk direct from the fresh cow is of the right temperature and possesses food qualities of the right sort to start the digestive organs of the infant calf in good working order. It does not spoil the young calf to thus allow it to remain with the cow for one or two days, as some think. When it is removed it can be taught to drink milk as easily as when it is only a few hours old.

BAD FLAVORS IN MILK

Abnormal flavors may be due to the fact that the odors are absorbed from being in contact with other substances giving off odors. They may be developed through fermentation and very frequently the flavor is imparted by the cow, mainly through eating certain foods.

If the trouble is noticed when the cream is fresh, the first two probable causes are practically eliminated, and the cow, or rather the feed of the cow, is factor to be held under suspicion. If the cream is received from different herds we would try to carry the process of elimination still further, by handling the cream from different herds separately to see if the trouble might not be traced to a small part of the supply.

Frosted pasturage, musty hay, bad ensilage and other faults with the feed might be found to be the cause of the trouble. Sometimes too high feeding of certain root crops brings in characteristic flavors.

There is no practical way of removing these flavors once they are in the cream. The thing to do is to keep them out. In case the cream is to be used for buttermaking it can be partly overcome by skimming a heavy cream, so that most of the bad flavor will go off with the milk serum in the skim milk. In ice cream making it might be practical to skim a heavy cream that may have to be secured from milk that is faulty and then dilute it down to the desired content of fat with good tasting milk.—W. A. Graham, in Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

SHEEP RATION

The question for ration for sheep at this time of the year is an important one. All of the various farm grains have been used with more or less success. Corn easily heads the list as the best singleg rain for fattening lambs. It is especially desirable because it causes the lambs to put on fat rapidly and does not stimulate too much growth as in the case with many forms of concentrated feeds. Barley has also been used to very good advantage. It is about on a par with corn from the standpoint of rapidity and economy of gains, but lacks same in palatability. Wheat and wheat screenings have both been used to fatten lambs. This feed has too much tendency to cause the lambs to grow rather than fatten. When combined with an equal amount of corn the lambs put on fat much more rapidly. Oats is a useful feed, but like wheat is more liable to induce growth than fattening. It should be mixed with corn for best results. Oilmeal, cottonseed meal and glutten feed have all been used in conjunction with corn rations to good advantage. Not more than one-half pound of either oilmeal or cottonseed meal should be fed a lamb weighing from 50 to 90 pounds. While wheat bran itself is not helpful in putting on fat, it is one of the best feeding stuffs available to use in conjunction with corn or other feeds in getting lambs on full feed. It furnishes bulk, thus prevents the greedy ones from getting too much concentrates and also acts as a regulator of the indigestive system.

BOARS FOR BREEDING

In selecting the herd boar for next season's breeding pens five things should be taken into consideration: —Get a boar with a registered pedigree, but get a good individual also, for there are culls in all litters. 2—In general appearance the boar should have a smooth and well rounded body, with good length and depth; carrying a deep covering of flesh throughout; back arched with no depression back of the shoulders; under line straight, low in flank and floor of the chest, and width of fore quarters should not greatly exceed that of the rear quarters. 3. Quality is shown by a smooth skin, free from wrinkles and all appearance of coarseness. 4. In form the snout should be short; the face broad between the eyes; eyes full and bright; ears refined and neat, typical of the breed; neck short and deep, shoulders smooth on top, fitting smoothly on to the body. 5. Avoid hogs with long legs and snouts, shallow bodies, narrow heads, contracted heart girths, or long pastern combined with a small bone. Also avoid hogs that are too plump and chubby in appearance, the breeding animal should have plenty of size and a massive appearance.

LIGHT AND TREE GROWTH

Th secretary of agriculture has just issued Bulletin 92 of the forest service on "Light in Relation to Tree Growth." The bulletin is designed to show the benefits derived by the tree by light from all angles, particularly that reflected on the roots.

In introducing the subject the bulletin states: "Light is indespensable for the life and growth of trees. In common with other green plants, a tree, in order to live, must produce organic substance for the building of new tissues. Certain low forms of vegtable life, such as bacteria and fungi, do not require light. They exist by absorbing organic substance from other living bodies; but the higher forms of plants manufacture their own organic material by extracting carbon from the air. The leaves, through the agency of their chlorophyl, or green coloring matter, absorb from the air carbon dioxide, and give off a nearly equal volume of oxygen. The carbon dioxide is then broken up into organic substances which are used in building up new tissues.

PRUNING APPLE TREES

The most important stage in the life history of an apple tree is its early and formative period. The old adage that a "stitch in time saves nine" can be applied to a young apple tree, which is a very tractable thing. By the application of science, based on the laws of tree growth, and by having in mind a certain fixed ideal, the grower may gratify his taste and obtain a perfectly shaped, desirable tree.

There are two general shapes for apple trees. The vase shaped type with an open center, and the excurrent trunk type having a central leader or axis; the former type is most popular and is generally adopted. Heads in either case may be high or low, the trunks short or high. Theoretically, the low trunk commends itself to one's fancy. If it has any real advantage, except in the far west and in arid regions, where, on account of a hot climate and prevalent high winds a low head is essential, it is far outweighed by the objections that it hinders the process of tillage, is likely to cause injury to lower branches and does not afford proper air drainage. There are, however, enthusiastic advocates of both shapes, and the type of tree to be grown is generally a matter of individual taste and judgment.

There are three processes of pruning a young apple tree, the formative, the directive and corrective. Under the first may be considered the framework of the tree, whether of a high or low head, which should be vase-shaped and have from three to five strong uniform branches, arranged spirally around the trunk at the desired height. The proper angle of the framework branches is about 45 degrees.

One of the laws of tree growth is that the elongation proceeds from the last or terminal bud of a shoot, and at somewhat greater or less angle according as the bud is situated on the upper or lower side of the shoot. The varietal differences in habit of growth must be studied and taken into account; then, by taking advantage of the diverging angle of the new bud growth, a tendency to grow too erect or too drooping is overcome. Since several cuttings during the growing season can be made, and after each cutting the growth directed more upward or horizontal, as the case may be, the effect can easily be comprehended. Such definite spacing of laterals, spirally and uniformly in vigor and in direction, can best be obtained by planting one-year-old nursery stock, which is called one-year buds, such trees are erect single shoots, with few or no laterals, and are most susceptible to the influence of the grower's knife.

After planting they are cut back to the desired height of trunk, plus the six inches that will be taken up by the framework. If the trunk is to be 32 inches high the bud should be severed at a point 38 inches from the ground. In this connection it should be remembered that the trunk of a tree never enlongates after once the new growth has become fixed; then hard upward growth ceases. A one-year bud has over its entire length latent buds arranged spirally and ready at first call to burst into growth and to form laterals of which only the desired number are retained, those farther down being rubbed off as they appear. Nursery branched trees two years old, on the other hand, if not scrupulously graded with reference to uniform symmetrical heads will contain many distorted and badly shaped ones, due to overcrowding in nursery rows, as well as to lack of care by pruners.

An all too common fault of a nursery branched tree is the presence of a fork, which should never have been permitted to exist. Ofter the elimination of one prong of the fork leaves an ideal framework; when this does not accomplish the result desired, the entire tree should be removed and a new formation secured, as in case of one-year buds. Varietal habits of growth are most strikingly exemplified in the Baldwin and Rhode Island Greening. The Baldwin has a pleasing tendency to form an upright, compact, symmetrical head, while the Greening is sure to present a flat, horizontal direction of the framework branches unless corrected. The Sutton (Beauty), on the other hand, sends it branches painfully erect.

The direction of the shoots or laterals, as shown above, can be readily influenced by repeated cutting; in the Rhode Island, by cutting upward, leaving the last bud in the upper surface; in the Sutton by cutting outward, leaving the last bud in the under surface of the shoot or lateral.

Shoots favorably located on the leeward side, nearer to the trunk in an ascending position, will have an advantage over and will outstrip others in growth, thus destroying the symmetry and balance of the tree. These branches, on an established tree of some years' growth, must be headed in. This should be done by cutting them off at a suitable lateral, having selected one that is growing in the proper direction.

HENS TO A PEN

The Maine experiment station recently finished a test to ascertain the most profitable number of hens to be kept in pens. All the pens were 10 x 16 feet, giving 160 square feet. The hens were Brahams and Plymouth Rocks and these tests continued six months.

The hens were 15, 20, 25 and 30 to a pen. The conditions and hens were as much alike as to make the test a conclusive one.

The pen with 15 hens made a profit of 80 per cent per hen, and the eggs layed numbered 976.

The pen with 20 hens made a showing of 1,208 eggs for the pen and a profit of 71 cents per hen.

The pen with 25 hens made a laying record of 1,328 eggs and a profit of 35 cents per hen.

The pen with 30 hens had an egg production of 1,200 and a profit of 30 cents for each hen.

This experiment shows distinctly that hens can be so crowded as to reduce the profit of an egg farm. The difference of 25 eggs per hen per 6 month is great. On the basis, the pen with 15 to the pen, the profits of the total 90 hens were $72, on the basis of 30 to the pen the profits were $36. In each case the actual cost of feed was deducted.

FIGHTING BORERS

Scientists have discovered a preventive for borers and protection against rodents. Borers, mice and rabbits have caused the loss of millions of dollars to fruit growers in this country in recent years.

The remedy is very simple—apply a fairly thick mixture of pure white lead and pure raw linseed oil to the trunk of the tree.

The idea of painting trees with white lead and linseed oil originated with Professor Allwood, of the Virginia state experiment station, who recommended it to keep mice and rabbits from gnawing the succulent bark of the young fruit trees.

Edwin C. Tyson, of Flora Dale, Adams county, Pa., white leaded a strip of trees, leaving the rest of the orchard unpainted. Much to his surprise and delight, when examined, the white leaded trees were not only ungnawed, but were free from borers as well. This was a benefit entirely unexpected and unhoped for. The trees in the orchard which had been left unpainted were full of borers.

The whole Tyson orchard of 12,000 apple trees is now protected by white lead and linseed oil. Mr. Tyson considers that he has solved the borer and rodent problem. He has been using the remedy for nine years now with the greatest success.

There have been no failures or bad effects from the new treatment, except where directions have not been followed. Observe that house paint will not do. It is absolutely fatal to fruit trees.

In the few cases where harm has resulted, Professor Surface says, investigation has shown that either a ready prepared house paint was used or else a boiled linseed oil. In no case where the white lead was pure and the linseed oil was the raw variety and pure, has the slightest harm come to the trees.

B. W. Heaton, who was led to adopt the practice of white leading fruit trees, writes in part: "During the past five years I have painted the trunks of several thousand apple trees, varying in age from 2 to 7 years, painting some once and some twice, and so far have observed no evidence of injury. The painting has been done at all seasons of the year, and has usually extended from a couple of inches below ground to about a foot above, though in some few instances it has been extended a short distance along the main branches. Great care has been exercised to use only the purest white lead and linseed oil obtainable, and it is not improbable that the bad results reported by some experiements have been due to the use of impure paint."

Forty-six years ago James B. Earl, of Denver, a veteran of the civil war, put in a claim against the government for $2.31, that being the amount which his pay check was short. The bill was paid the other day.

Forms of Oath.

Law Times.

A Chinaman has been thus sworn in: On entering the box the witness immediately knelt down, and a china saucer having been placed in his hand he broke it. The officer of the court through an interpreter then addressed him thus: "You shall tell the truth, and the whole truth, and if you do not tell the truth your soul will be cracked like a saucer." A Mohammedan witness first placed his right hand on the Koran, put the other hand to his forehead and brought the top of his forehead down to the book and touched it with his head. He then looked for some time upon it and being asked what effect this ceremony was to produce, answered that he was bound by it to speak the truth. The deposition of a Gentoo has been received who touched with his hand the foot of a Brahmin. Buddhists have been sworn by "the three holy existences—Buddha, Dhamma and Pro Sangha—and the devotees of the 22 firmaments," and a Parsee on the Zend Avesta, or by binding a "sacred cord" round his body.

Rubber Roofing Warranted For Twenty-Five Years. FREIGHT PAID To Any Station East of Rocky Mountains, Colo., N. D., S. D., Wyo., Mont., N. M., La., Ga., Ala., Miss. and Fla., on all orders of three rolls or more. Special Prices to these States on request.

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SKUNK We buy Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and all other furs at highest market prices and give liberal assortments and "A square deal" to everyone. Price list free.
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Don't Throw It Away
MENDETS
Mend all leaks instantly in grain sweaters, hot water bags, tin, copper, smoking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivets. Any one can use them. Fits any surface. Smooth. Sample box, 10c. Complete kit, assrtd. sizes, 25c, postpaid. Wonderful opportunity for live agents. Write today.
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$1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted. positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. Ontar o Veterinary Correspondence School, London, Can.

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Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 colored Gold Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce post card offer.
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FREE CHURN To introduce the CHALLENGE CHURN I will give away one free in each locality. Churns 10 gal. capacity. Makes good butter from milk or cream, easy in from 1 to 5 minutes. Write today sure, get one FREE.
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HONEY Calif. sage honey, freight paid, 10 lb.—Light Amber, 10c; White, 12c; Water White, 12c—Will ship allowing inspection before payment. Large sample, 10c. Honey Index free. Spencer Apiaries Co., Box 115, Nordhoff, Cal.

STOMACH SUFFERERS

Avoid Dangerous Operations. Let Me Send You a Free $1.00 Bottle of My Wonderful STOMACH REMEDY

I will guarantee it to cure the most chronic cases and I want every one suffering from Stomach, Liver or Intestinal Troubles and Gall Stones to send at once for a Free Bottle.

Don't allow your Stomach Trouble to become so bad that an operation is necessary. Don't permit an operation until you have at least tried this FREE Bottle.

It is a positive and permanent cure for

Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundico, Sick Headache, Appendicitis and Gall Stones

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with mucoid and catarrhal accretions, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to, and I again repeat I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to you absolutely Free so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from Gall Stones. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and Gall Stones should not hesitate a moment, but send for this Free treatment at once.

I have watched sick people for years and have reached my hands out to thousands in the great depth of the Valley of Despair and brought them into the light of life and happiness. I want you, and each one suffering to know the full joys of living with every part of your system in beautiful accord and in absolute perfect harmony. This is possible if you will take this wonderful remedy. A FREE BOTTLE will positively prove it.

Don't Lose Hope

Why suffer with stomach trouble? Why give up hope—and despair of ever being cured? If other treatments have failed and you feel disheartened, don't allow it to discourage you from sending for this Free bottle. Don't say to yourself that it will not help you, before you have tried it, as it costs you nothing to take this wonderful remedy and judge for yourself its marvelous powers. You will, like the thousands of others who have been cured, bless the hour and offer fervent thanks for this wonderful remedy that has brought back your health.

Why suffer with those horrid griping pains that cut like a knife? They rob you of all the sweets of happiness. Each morning means another day of torture and agony; each meal is looked forward to with pain. No matter what you eat, you suffer. Life is one continual round of "Don't eat this and don't eat that." You can't sit down to a table, spread with necessities of life and know that you are going to enjoy them; that they are going to be turned into rich, red blood and strength which will give you vitality, health and happiness.

Almost every one who takes it declares that they have not felt so well in years since they have taken the first bottle, and this benefit is an entirely natural one, as the remedy contains no opiate, stimulant or any poisonous or injurious ingredients whatever. They are able to eat anything they want—even forget they have such a thing as a stomach. No more of the gnawing, aching dull sensations, no more paroxysms of pain, belching of gases, and other symptoms of indigestion that stomach trouble produces.

A Few Names of People who have taken My Wonderful Stomach Remedy—and who state they have been CURED of various Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Gall Stones.

Phil Strain, Bloomingtogh, Ill.
Alma Loving, Russellville, Miss.
Mrs. Thomas Mulvihill, Detroit, Mich.
Mattie Kirkham, Fountain Head, Tenn.
W. G. Riddell, Burlington, Ky., Rd. No. 9
Mrs. E. F. Cady, Auburn, N. Y.
H. D. Chappell, Agt. Amer. Exp. Co., Scotland, Archer Co., Tex.
W. H. Kingsley, Beulah, Miss.
J. W. Blackburn, Fryatt, Ark.
Henry Oaks, New River, Tenn.
Henry Thomas, Mahrud, Miss.
Mr. M. A. McCann, Norwalk, Ohio.
Ralph Johnson, McComb, Miss.
Mrs. Elijah Judy, Landes, W. Va.
Rob. Eggers, Trade, Tenn.
Mrs. Callie Wells, 1123 Harrison St., Guthrie, Okla.
S. E. Allen, Buckeye, W. Va.
Chas. L. Morse, 8 Pearl St. Middleboro, Mass.
W. P. Cole, Medina, Tenn.
Fred Zwicke, Grand Rapids, Wis.
Estelle McAllister, Ludlow, S. D.
B. A. Dooley, 92 Union St., Clinton, Mass.
Mrs. E. C. Daughtery, Conway, Pa., Beaver Co.
Sarah E. Johnson, 1107 Bell St. Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Mrs. D. Burguduff, 75 Walnut St., Auburn, N.Y.
John Driver, Dunkirk, Ind.
W. D. Barr, 601 Walnut St., Irwin, Pa.
Mr. W. E. Cobb, Wichita Falls, Kans.

My last word to you—Don't permit a dangerous operation. Not until you have tried this FREE BOTTLE. I care not how long you have suffered or how severe your case may be, I am confident my wonderful and harmless remedy will entirely and quickly restore you to perfect health without any ill effect. It has saved thousands from operations. It should you. I believe that eighty per cent of the operations are unnecessary and the knife could be avoided if the proper method of treatment was administered. Quite often sufferers of Stomach and Intestinal ailments or Gall Stones are told they have cancer of the stomach and other rare diseases.

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
203 Mayr Building, 156 Whiting Street, Chicago
References: Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Don't suffer all this pain; don't dose yourself with every medicine and try every treatment, when Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy, which has cured and made thousands and thousands of sufferers happy is offered to you. Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is absolutely pure and harmless. it is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act—Serial No. 25792. This medicine has been successfully taken by children of nine years of age, and by old people of eighty-eight years and will not harm you in any way.

Below we show an exact Photograph—actual size of Poisonous Mucoid Accretions removed by my remedy. They are the causes of about 99% of all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments.

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to CURE.

Read These Letters

WHAT A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN HAS TO SAY OF MY WONDERFUL STOMACH REMEDY.

Sept. 12th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—My wife received your letter and treatment a few days ago. She took the medicines as per directions Saturday with wonderful results, as she passed a large quantity of gall stones of various sizes. I will send you a money order herewith for balance of treatment. Have recommended you to several that I know need your treatment. I have practiced medicine 20 years and have used Olive Oil treatments for a long time for my wife, and I can assure you that your combination greatly surprised me. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours gratefully,
ERNEST VINCENT, M. D.

WHAT A TRAINED NURSE HAS TO SAY.

Aug. 24th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—To begin with I am a trained nurse and I had two patients that the doctors seemed unable to reach with their medicines and were trying to persuade the patient to submit to the knife. A friend who has tried your Wonderful medicine proposed that I recommend it to my patient, so I did. They agreed to try the medicine if I would try the sample on myself. To please my patients was why I sent for the sample. I know that your medicine is wonderful because it has cured Mrs. Clark Fitzsimmons of Orofino, Idaho and Mrs. Charley Frear of the same place. I am very glad that I was able to recommend your medicine to them.

LINNETTE HAVEL, Trained Nurse,
Box 284, Orofino, Idaho.

CURED AFTER FIVE YEARS SICKNESS.

Mr. George H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

I am pleased to inform you that I ordered a full treatment the latter part of March. It cured me after a five years spell of sickness. I ordered a free bottle for a neighbor. Now I must tell you it is through me you are getting so many orders from Willard and Yelton Post Offices. I sojourned through Eastern Colorado and sang your praises and left your address wherever I went. I have not written you at an earlier date as I have just waited to see if I stayed cured before I let you know. Your remedy is surely a wonder. The Doctors told me I had appendicitis and would soon die if I were not operated on. I was lying in bed about all the time with misery most of the time for five years. I took treatment during March, have been busy ever since. It is the only medicine that hit the sore spot.—L. C. MOREHEAD, Willard, Oklahoma.

Doctor Said Cancer of the Stomach

July 22, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I write you this morning that I took my last drop of medicine yesterday morning and am now free from gall stones. It has made a new man of me. Sleep well, eat what I want and feel fine. No soreness left but I have some large boils. I think it drove them out. The Doctors said I had cancer of the stomach, and nothing would do but to be operated on, but they were mistaken. I have spent lots of money before and only got temporary relief, but I assure you I feel all right now. Passed about 400 gall stones.

Yours truly, WM. CAMPBELL,
Denver, Missouri

More Benefit Than From a $100 Treatment

May 31, 1910.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

I rec'd the treatment you sent and can truthfully say I got more benefit from it than from a hundred dollar treatment I took last winter.

Very Respectfully,
MISS F. A. HARNESS,
1020 Pacific Ave., Bremerton, Wash.

Fill out this FREE coupon now and mail to me. The full $1.00 bottle will be sent you without delay. Send no money—your name and address on the coupon is all—MAIL IT TODAY—WRITE PLAINLY.

GEO. H. MAYR, MFG. CHEMIST, 203 Mayr Bldg., 156 Whiting St., Chicago

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name .....
Address ..... City .....
County ..... State ..... Express Office .....

Saves Worry Time and Trouble

Post Toasties

Can be served instantly with cream or milk.

It makes a breakfast or lunch so superior to the ordinary, that it has become a welcome pantry necessity in thousands of homes, and adds to the comfort and pleasure of life.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

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FREE STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the truss, being self-adhesive and medicine made self-adhesive to hold the parts in place. No straps, buckles or springs to chafe, irritate, or cause pain. Cannot slip, so cannot cause rupture. Weakens against the public hose. Sent on trial to obstinate cases cured. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Safe and sure. Get well—stay well. Awarded Gold Medal. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

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Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao

Montana

COMPARATIVE CROP YIELDS FOR 1910

	Bu. Acre Wheat	Bu. Acre Oats	Bu. Acre Barley	Bu. Acre Rye	Bu. Acre Potatoes
Montana	30.6	51.3	38.0	29.0	180
Illinois	17.4	36.6	28.0	17.8	91
Iowa	18.1	27.0	22.0	17.8	89
Missouri	14.7	27.0	25.0	15.0	85
Kansas	13.0	28.2	18.0	14.2	79
Nebraska	16.7	25.0	22.0	16.2	78
Minnesota	16.8	33.0	26.6	19.0	115

Granary of the Great Northwest

That's Montana—the greatest grain producing state in the Union—where wheat, oats, barley, rye and potatoes run double the yield per acre than any of the leading middle western states, on land costing about one-third that of middle west land.

The government crop report given above tells the story—there are fortunes making in Montana.

You get double profits on one-third the investment

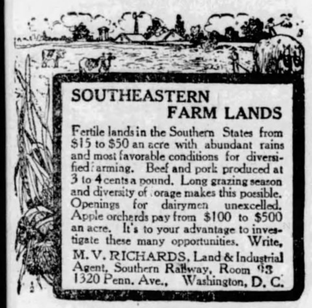
The Judith Basin, Musselshell Valley, Smith River Valley and the Three Forks Country, some of Montana's richest and most prosperous sections are served by the new transcontinental line—the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
and
Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railways

Low round-trip fares in effect every Tuesday during October and the first and third Tuesdays thereafter afford you an excellent chance to visit Montana at remarkably low cost.

For fares, folders and full information, address

P. B. WOLCOTT, *Immigration Agent*, 750 Marquette Bldg., CHICAGO
F. A. MILLER, *General Passenger Agent*, CHICAGO



SOUTHEASTERN FARM LANDS

Fertile lands in the Southern States from $15 to $50 an acre with abundant rains and most favorable conditions for diversified farming. Beef and pork produced at 3 to 4 cents a pound. Long grazing season and diversity of forage makes this possible. Openings for dairymen unexcelled. Apple orchards pay from $100 to $500 an acre. It's to your advantage to investigate these many opportunities. Write,

M. V. RICHARDS, Land & Industrial Agent, Southern Railway, Room 93 1320 Penn. Ave., Washington, D. C.

$2.95 and you keep this great GRINDER

Yes, you keep the wonderful Harman Farm Tool Grinder—ten machines in one—for $2.95 and pay the rest in the easiest monthly payments. Send postcard for our free book, "The Farm Machine Shop," and full particulars of Free Trial Offer. Learn how much money, time and labor you will save; how you can sharpen all kinds of tools if you own this machine. Learn about the wonderful Alectrite grinding wheels.

Free Trial We give you ten days' free trial; no money down. After the free trial, keep the machine or send it back, just as you choose. No obligation to buy. Send postcard today for our valuable free book, "The Farm Machine Shop," and details of our free trial—easy payment offer. Write a postal card today—NOW.

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Dept. 5097 160 Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill.

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We positively give FREE a fine Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also a beautiful Stone-Set Ring for selling 20 packs high-grade art post cards at 10c a pack. Order 20 packs. When sold send us $2, and we will positively send Bracelet and Ring. WELLS MFG. CO., Dept. M 51 CHICAGO

STOMACH TROUBLES Vanish Like Magic

FREE to Every Man or Woman

Would you like to eat all you want to, and what you want to without having distress in your stomach?

Would you like to say **farewell to Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache and Constipation?**

Then send us ten cents in silver to cover cost of packing and postage and we will send absolutely FREE a five-day course of Peptopad Treatment. Peptopad treatment is a combination internal and external treatment and its great success lies in its two-fold power. We strengthen and invigorate the stomach nerves and muscles from the interior and correct the gastric disturbances from the interior and accomplish both at the same time. Peptopad Treatment removes sores and pain from stomach and bowels and repairs the digestion, insuring proper assimilation of the food you eat, which means disappearance of constipation as well as stomach trouble. Send 10c in silver for postage and packing today and receive this five-day course FREE. Dr. G. C. Young Company, 734 Patriot Building, Jackson, Michigan.

FREE HAIR REMEDY

Let Me Send You a Free $1.00 Package

Foso grows hair, thickens eyebrows, lengthens lashes, changes gray or faded hair to its natural color, stops itching, removes dandruff, and makes the hair of man, woman or child heavy and beautifully glossy.

Mail Free Coupon Today.

Free $1.00 Package Coupon

Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to The Foso Company, 2145 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 outfit will be sent you at once by mail prepaid free of charge.

Name.....
City.....
Street.....
Date.....R. F. D.....

Whitewash in Uruguay.

Consul Goding, Montevideo.

When traveling through the rural districts of Uruguay, one's attention is attracted to the fine white color of the farm buildings, even during the wet season. To obtain this neat effect a whitewash is used which is made with the sliced leaves of the common cactus, macerated in water for 24 hours, producing a solution of creamy consistence; to this lime is added and well mixed. When applied to any surface, be it of wood, brick, iron or other material, a beautiful pearly white appearance is produced which will endure through storms and frosts for many years. In sections of the United States where the cactus is a nuisance, the plant might be utilized in the manner suggested.

Petrified Forest Giants.

Scientific American.

Three petrified redwood trees that have been pronounced the very largest in the world that have thus far been discovered have just been uncovered from the debris of the mountain side, only a short distance from the famous Bohemian Club Grove in Sonoma county, California. This point is near the little town of Occident.

One of these prehistoric monsters, that make the pyramids of Egypt modern by comparison in their ages, measures 23 feet in diameter and is 350 feet in length. The two other petrified trees are 13 and 12 feet in diameter respectively.

Dew Ponds.

London Globe.

Among the most singular archaeological remains found in Great Britain are the ancient dew ponds, the construction of which is ascribed to the neolithic age. The purpose of these ponds was to furnish drinking water for cattle. An exposed position where springs were absent was selected and a broad, hollowed surface was formed and covered over with straw or some other nonconducting material. Above was spread a thick layer of clay strewn with stones. During the night the cold surface of the clay caused an abundance of moisture to condense from lower layers of the air. Some of these ancient dew ponds are still working.

Smoke of Herbs Cures Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

SALTON SEA

I would like to have a history of the Salton Sea printed in the Question Bureau.—M. G. C., Alonson, Mich.

The Salton sea, of Salton sink, is a body of highly saline water in what has been until recently, San Diego county, now Imperial county, California. This county is adjacent to the Mexican border, lying immediately west of the Colorado river. A great, if not a greater part of the county is below sea level, and the Salton sea consists of the waste or seepage water which has found its way to the lowest depression of the desert lands. The sea is 205 feet below sea level.

A cut was made in the bank of the Colorado river in 1904, so that some of the water could flow down to the Alamo channel, thus furnishing the farmers on the route with necessary water for irrigation. But when the river rose the next time all the water flowed down the Alamo channel, as it was a much easier course that the former, in the spring of 1905 the whole river was flowing through this new channel. It spread over the low ground, forming various small channels. It spread over the low ground, forming various small channels which led toward the depression filled by the Salton sea. Many agricultural lands were being destroyed by the water. The heads of the canal leading out into the remaining agricultural lands and the government dam across the Colorado river were endangered. If the water continued to rise it would destroy the sources of irrigation for higher lands. The Salton sea soon rose and threatened to submerge the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad. The only way to prevent this disaster was to close the break in the Colorado river. This break was finally closed, shutting off the supply entering Salton sea. It is believed that since this source of water is shut off the water in the sea will rapidly evaporate, though some of the seepage water still comes from the irrigated lands. Breaks may happen at any time, which will endanger the farming land.

THE ISLE OF PINES

Please give a description of the Isle of Pines in the columns of your paper.—O. D. S., Watertown, N. Y.

The Isle of Pines is a small Island belonging to Cuba. It is forty miles east of Pinar del Rio. The area of this island is about 840 square miles. In fact it is two islands connected by a marsh, the one on the north being somewhat broken by hills, and the one on the south is low, flat, and sandy. The climate is healthful, the soil fertile, and there are extensive mineral resources. The island is considered as a municipal district of the province of Havana. Cattle raising is the chief occupation of the inhabitants. Others are engaged in working the marble quaries situated there.

DESERTION FROM U. S. ARMY

If a young man should desert from the United States army what would be the punishment?—J. W. K., St. George, W. Va.

In the United States desertion from the army or navy in time of war is subject to court martial, which nearly always means a sentence of death. Desertion under ordinary conditions is punishable by dishonorable discharge and five years' hard labor. The U. S. government offers a monetary reward for the arrest usually ranging from $20 to $30. In every civilized country the laws against desertion are always severe upon the man who abandons his duty, punishing him with the hardest discipline, and sometimes death.

TO SOLDER COPPER

I would like to have you give me a good solder for copper.—J. H. W., Fenton, Mich.

A good hard solder for copper or brass is 13 parts copper and one part zinc, or seven copper, three zinc, and two tin. This alloy is heated over a charcoal fire, and known to granulations in an iron mortar. The flux employed for this solder is borax, which can either be used separately or mixed, by rubbing to a cream, or mixed with the solder in a very little water.

When the work is cleaned, bound, fluxed and speltered, the whole is subjected to a clear charcoal or coke fire; or, what is now becoming far more general, convenient, cleanly and manageable, a bellows blowpipe. In the process of hard soldering, the water should be driven off by gentle heat; the fusion of the flux soon follows; a glassy substance appears after the froth, which, in its turn, is replaced by the alloy in red liquid form; the blue flame from the ignited zinc informs the operator that the solder now fuses, so that, as soon as the work is flushed with soldier, it must be withdrawn, allowed to set, and cooled in water.

WALT MASON

Please give a sketch of the life of Walt Mason in the columns of the Question Bureau.—C. E. R., Clarence, Iowa.

Walt Mason, the humorist and poet, was born in Columbus, Ontario, May 4, 1862. He is a self-educated man. In 1880 he came to the United States, where he married Ella Foss, of Wooster, Ohio, February 15, 1893. In 1885 he became connected with the Atchison Globe, and worked for that paper two years, when he went to Lincoln, Nebraska, being engaged on the State Journal and other papers. In 1893 he was editorial paragrapher of the Washington Evening News. Since 1907 Mason has been associated with William Allen White on the Emporia Gazette, a Kansas paper. His rhymes and poems are widely copied throughout this country. His present address is Emporia, Kansas.

MYRTLE REED M'CULLOUGH

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of Myrtle Reed McCullough, the author?—J. C. M., New Bethlehem, Pa.

Myrtle Reed McCullough, the American author, was born in Chicago, September 27, 1874. In 1893 she graduated from the West Division high school of Chicago. Three years later she married James Sydney McCullough. She is the author of the following: Love Letters of a Musician, Later Love Letters of a Musician, The Spinster Book, Lavender and Old Lace, Pickaback Songs, The Shadow of Victory, The Master's Violin, The Book of Clever Beasts, At the Sign of the Jack o'Lantern, A Spinner in the Sun, Lover Affairs of Literary Men, Flower of the Dusk, Old Rose and Silver.

BATTLE OF ORISKANY

Please give an account of the battle or Oriskany in your paper.—H. E. Z., New Haven, W. Va.

The battle of Oriskany, an event of American history, was fought between the British and Indians and the Indians and the American forces near Oriskany, New York, 10 miles from Fort Stanwix. The time was August 6, 1777. Each of the opposing forces numbered about 800 men. General Herkimer, who commanded the Americans, started to relieve Fort Stanwix, which was then being besieged by St. Leger, Brant and his Indians. At Oriskany Herkimer halted and attempted to concert an attack and a sortie, but the plan miscarried. He advanced and was attacked by Indians and Tories in a deep ravine. The battle raged furiously for hours despite a thunderstorm which was in progress. It was one of the most cruel and bloody battles of the war, each side losing about one-third of its number. The Americans were victorious and remained the masters of the field, although they were badly disabled. The sortie made from the fort was a success and badly crippled the enemy. General Herkimer was mortally wounded in the fight, and died several days later.

MARK TAPLEY

Please tell about Mark Tapley in the columns of The Blade.—W. H. K., Rutledge, W. Va.

Mark Tapley is a character in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit. He was Martin's servant and traveling companion, a light-hearted fellow who takes constant credit to himself for being jolly under adverse circumstances.

MISCELLANEOUS

R. L. K., Sult, N. C.—Persons buried at sea are wrapped in a shroud, weights being fastened to the corpse so that when it is lowered into the water the body will sink and not come to the surface.

J. L. W., Eaton Rapids, Mich.—There is no such word as you asked about to be found in the dictionaries.

C. M., Leslie, Mich.—We know of no names that the stars of the big dipper bear.

M. E. L., Mt. Vernon, O.—In a country ruled by a king the queen has no power whatever. She is queen just because her husband is king. When the king is unmarried, there is no queen until he marries.

J. B., Dillsburg, Pa.—We could not begin to write essays for all those who desire us to do so.

The Austin Dam Failure and Its Lessons

From the Engineering News

THE terrible disaster which destroyed the village of Austin Pa., last Saturday, with a loss of two hundred or more lives, is a shock to the engineering profession hardly less appalling than that experienced when the Quebec bridge fell four years ago.

So far as the newspaper reports have informed the world, the structure was designed and built under direction of a competent engineer of good reputation. The structure fails suddenly with great loss of life, and the public jumps to the conclusion that no engineer is reliable and that no dam is safe.

We wish, first of all, to combat this idea. Most emphatically do we declare that it is within the resources of engineering to so build such a dam as that at Austin that it shall be safe and secure. It is not our province to sift and apportion the responsibility for this sad calamity. It is our duty to say that the occurrence is without excuse; and that if the dam had been built with proper precautions and proper regard for safety and failure would never have occurred. There is no mystery in the art of dam construction and no problems in their design which competent engineers are not capable of solving with accuracy and reliability.

But, it may be said, why then do dams and bridges and other engineering structures fail, even when engineers of good reputation are employed in their design? We can answer this question in a word. These disasters occur because too frequently those who build these structures buy just as little engineering and buy it just as cheaply as they possibly can.

They do not quite dare to go ahead with an important structure without some sort of engineering advice; but they get along with just as little as possible; and too often they reject so much of it as does not suit their fancy or their purse.

Of course not all engineering work is carried on in this way. If it were, accidents and failures to engineering works would be far more numerous; but we do know that far too much of the work of engineers is done under conditions which prevent them from really bearing the responsibility that is nominally theirs.

It is farthest from our desire to say anything at this time which may needlessly add to the burden of those, whoever they may be, on whom responsibility for this disaster may be placed and who are without doubt already suffering tortures untold. We should be derelict in our duty, however, did we not point out the salient facts in connection with the disaster, not for the purpose of locating the blame, but to indicate how similar calamities may be avoided in the future.

The article which we reprint elsewhere from our issue of March 17, 1910, describes a partial failure of the dam at Austin which took place in January, 1910, a failure which the careful reader will see might easily have caused at that time just such a calamity as has now occurred.

The earlier failure of the Austin dam, by a most remarkable coincidence, occurred from almost the identical cause which destroyed the Colorado River dam at Austin Tex., on April 7, 1900. The dam at Austin, Tex., was slid forward on its base until it toppled over. The dam at Austin, Pa., was slid forward together with a stratum of the underlying rock upon which it was founded. By great good fortune the movement stopped before the yielding dam section was crushed or overturned and emergency measures were taken to draw off the water from behind the dam and relieve the pressure upon it. No one seems to have realized, however, that in that condition all assurances as to the safety of the dam had wholly disappeared. The pond above the dam was again filled with water and the sole concern of those in charge seems to have been to stop the leaks, utterly oblivious to the fact that this broken structure, its bound with the underlying rock destroyed, was a veritable sword of Damocles hanging over the village below.

It was bad to build a dam on such a foundation, with no greater precautions to prevent water getting under it; but it was ten times worse to attempt to use the structure in its weakened and perilous condition after the partial failure of January, 1910.

Who took the responsibility of deciding to run this risk, the courts will doubtless have to determine.

Mr. T. Chalkley Hatton, of Wilmington, Del., the engineer who made the original designs for the dam, informs us that in February, 1910, after the failure above noted, he submitted to the owners of the dam plans and recommendations for its repair and strengthening which he had prepared after consultation with Mr. E. Wegmann, Consulting Engineer, of New York City. Mr. Hatton has no information, however, whether these recommendations were ever carried out or what, if anything, was done to repair the dam after his report in our issue of March 17, 1910.

The plan of repair proposed by Mr. Hatton was, we understand, first to stop the flow underneath the dam by a deep cut-off wall on the upper side of the structure tied into the base of the dam and, second, to make a heavy rock-fill against the downstream face of sufficient section to hold the broken dam against further sliding. If the company owning the dam never informed Mr. Hatton whether it adopted these plans, it certainly indicates that it did not then regard him as at that time responsible for the work. As to what engineer, if any, was charged with the responsibility or whether the whole matter was treated as one that any "practical" man could safely handle, we are not now informed. Certainly the record is an eloquent illustration of how not to do engineering work.

Inspection of the dam by a member of the editorial staff of Engineering News who went to the site as soon as news of the disaster was received, shows that nothing whatever was done to strengthen the dam and it was in use up to the time of its disaster with a head of water against it usually amount to about 40 feet, according to the statement made by the president of the company owning the dam.

The question of most importance to the public is not the placing of blame for this particular disaster; but how similar disasters may be prevented in the future, such disasters will occur and occur with increasing frequency we may be sure so long as a private individual or firm or company has the right to build a dam when and where and how he or it pleases, wherever land for a dam site may be purchased.

Twenty-two years ago, when the failure of an insignificant dam above Johnstown, Pa., wrought a disaster which shocked the civilized world, we declared in these columns that the time had come for establishing state supervision of dams and dam construction in the interest of public safety.

But the lesson of Johnstown fell on deaf ears. In the state of Pennsylvania today it is nobody's business to prevent such dams as that at Johnstown or that at Austin from being constructed, or to see that dams once built are so cared for as to prevent their being a menace to the valleys below them.

The state water supply commission of Pennsylvania, created in 1905, has a limited authority with respect to obstructions placed in "public or navigable streams," the laws under which it is organized having in view chiefly the protection of navigation; but the commission has no control whatever over dams on the non-navigable rivers of the state, as we are informed.

And Pennsylvania is no worse than the great majority of its sister states. Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts in the east and Colorado and possibly some other of the far western states where irrigation is important are the only states we know off which exercise even the mildest sort of supervision over the building of dams.

Even in these states, however, the state supervision is generally exercised in an inadequate manner. We are well within bounds in saying that there is not a single state of the Union where the design and construction of dams are under sufficient control of a high class engineer acting under state authority and responsible for the public safety.

Strong arguments have been brought forward during the past few years in favor of state and federal control of water power development to the end that public rights in the value of such undeveloped water powers may be preserved. But considerations of public safety furnish even a stronger argument for the establishment of some sort of state control over structures which may constitute a menace to hundreds and thousands of people, and to millions of dollars worth of property. Austin and Johnstown and Mill River are far from being the only cases where terrible destruction has been wrought by a dam failure. Smaller structures fail every little while, and the general public hardly notices the item of a few lines in the newspapers that tells of lives lost and homes destroyed.

Nor is it failures of dams alone which show the crying need of government supervision of some sort to protect the public from the results of tampering with the rivers of a country by irresponsible and incompetent concerns. A glaring example is the situation of the Imperial Valley in the Colorado Delta. The story has been told in these columns how the hazardous experiment of drawing irrigation water from the Colorado without a headgate, set in motion forces which have already made necessary the spending of several millions of dollars for their control, and which have still potential possibilities of calamity.

But it may be said that state supervision of dam construction would be a farce; that the office would be a political sinecure, and that no real public benefit would result. But if this argument is sound, it applies to each and every one of the governmental activities.

Carried to its logical conclusion it would abolish city inspection of buildings and elevators, state supervision over water supplies and sewerage systems, federal inspection of steam vessels and their machinery, of locomotive boilers, of explosives, and so we might continue through a very long list. The simple fact is that, under our modern complex civilization, dangers innumerable threaten on every hand if the technical work on which modern industry depends is not done with skill and fidelity.

Engineers will heartily welcome the establishment of state bureaus to supervise engineering construction, provided such bureaus are officered by men of high standing in the profession and are maintained free from graft and political influence. Such bureaus in fact would be a great aid to the engineer who is desirous of doing only honest and safe work and finds himself hampered by the ignorance or parsimony of his employer.

Brief Stories of Mythology.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA—X.

After the slaughter of Medusa, Perseus journeyed over land and sea, taking the head of the Gorgon with him. He reached the realm of King Atlas, a man whose bulk surpassed that of all other men. The youth thought that he would remain there and rest during the night, but Atlas, remembering a prophecy warning him that a son of Jove would rob him of golden apples, refused shelter to Perseus and attempted to thrust him out. Thereupon the young man showed the giant the Gorgon's head, and Atlas, with all his bulk, was changed to stone. His beard and hair became forests, his arms and shoulders cliffs, his head a summit, and his bones rocks. Each part increased in bulk until he became a mountain, and heaven with all its stars rested upon his shoulders.

After this incident Perseus reached the land of the Ethiopians, ruled over by Cepheus. Cassiopeia, his queen, who was very proud of her beauty, compared herself with the sea-nymphs, thus arousing their indignation to such a degree that a mighty sea monster was sent to ravage the coast of the country. In order to appease the deities an oracle instructed Cepheus to expose his daughter Andromeda to be devoured by the monster. As Perseus approached the shore he beheld the beautiful maiden chained to a rock awaiting the attack of the monster. She was so pale and motionless that he would have taken her for a statue if the waving of her hair in wind had not betrayed her. Startled at the sight, he hovered over her in the air and said, "O, virgin, undeserving of those chains, but rather of such as bind fair lovers together, tell me, I beseech you, your name and the name of your country, and why you are thus bound?" She did not answer, from modesty, so he repeated the question. Then fearing that Perseus might think that she had committed some offense or other Andromeda told him her name and her mother's pride of beauty.

Suddenly a splashing sound was heard far out on the water, and the sea monster could be perceived, with his head raised above the surface, cleaving the waves with his broad breast. The virgin shrieked and the father and mother appeared on the scene adding their cries to hers. Then Perseus spoke: "There will be time enough for tears; this hour is all we have for rescue. My rank as the son of Jove and my renown as the slayer of the Gorgon might make me acceptable as a suitor; but I will try to win her by services rendered, if the gods will only be propitious. If she be rescued by my valor, I demand that she be my reward." The parents consented and promised a royal dowry.

When the monster was but a short distance away the youth soared into the air, and like an eagle pouncing upon his prey, Perseus darted upon its back and plunged his sword into its shoulder. Irritated by the wound, the monster threshed around the water endeavoring to strike the youth, but the latter eluded it by means of his wings. Wherever he could find a passage for his sword between the scales Perseus made a wound. The spouting of the blood from the nostrils of the brute dampened the wings of the young man so that he did not dare trust to them any longer. So he alighted on a rock projecting above the waves, and holding on to a fragment gave the monster a death stroke as it floated by. The onlookers shouted with joy, and the parents of Andromeda embraced their future son-in-law, calling him their deliverer and the savior of their house. With the released virgin they all repaired to the palace to celebrate the rescue.

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Fall of Port Arthur.

New London Day.

Port Arthur, on which the Russians and later the Japanese spent so many millions in fortifications, is to be abandoned as a military base, and all those millions have gone to waste. Of course they helped support the laborers on the fortifications, but it is to be regretted they could not have been paid out in something more really productive and beneficial to the world than a series of ramparts and walls.

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Epitaph for a drunkard: "He could drink or let it alone."

Almost any young widow can teach a man how to fall in love.

A has-been always has something on the fellow who never will be.

It's a mistake to try to judge a man's hat by the head that is under it.

Wild oats that are sown in the dark of the moon yield the biggest crop of bother.

What's in a name? That which we cauliflower smells worse than boiled cabbage.

"Remember," says Lillian, "you can nave both beauty and brains." Isn't she a dear?

A Pittsburg firm is making a wooden leg 39 inches around for a woman. Guess her weight.

Turkey has only $5,000,000 with which to prosecute the war—not enough to pay funeral expenses.

President Taft saw a wild west show at Cheyenne, but he let the other fellow ride the bucking bronco.

The head of the department of agriculture would rather be called Tama Jim than ex-Secretary Wilson.

Governor Wilson makes a hit by doing things different from other Democratic presidential possibilities.

"Do not marry a poet," says one woman. But suppose he doesn't show any symptoms before marriage?

About time to hear from Kansas again. It has done nothing of importance since it shaved the cat.

Mr. Taft's western flight is not as spectacular as that of a coast-to-coast aviator, but he always lands right side up.

Our idea of an unenlightened person is the man who thinks the worm climbed the tree to get into the chestnut.

Mr. Roosevelt's bravery is unquestioned. He is going to hunt whales, where there are no trees to hide behind.

It is believed that John D. Rockefeller is going into business again. He probably sees where he can make a dollar.

Well, if we are to have race suicide, as some argue, that will dispose of the old theory that a sucker is born every minute.

We suspect that the poet who wrote the lines about man wanting but little here below had just bitten into a Ben Davis apple.

Mr. Rockefeller has had another picture taken. Like all his late photographs, it bears a strong resemblance to ready money.

Incidentally, the investigation of Senator Stephenson will determine whether he is to be called Uncle Ike or $107,000 Stephenson.

Scientists still hope to discover the origin of life, says a German professor. It will be just like them to decide that it is a germ.

You think you will do some wonderful thing tomorrow, but it isn't probable that you will perform any better than you did yesterday.

Prof. Lowell's new canal on Mars is a thousand miles long. Provided, of course, that he has not made a mistake in the measurement.

Lillian Russell says she can remember the names of a thousand men who made love to her. With a memory like that Lillian would make a good politician.

A Kansas professor wants a law compelling men to wear whiskers. While he is at it he might have another law passed prohibiting them from becoming bald-headed.

"What does La Follette stand for?" asks an esteemed exchange. It's our unprejudiced opinion that he would stand for almost anything in the way of a presidential nomination.

New York has refused to appropriate money for the celebration of Columbus day. The great discoverer made a mistake by not landing in New York first. He will never be forgiven by the people of that towin.

WHEN AUSTRIA CHANGED SENTIMENT.

It is only in America, and then with the understanding that it might be suspended at convenience, that the moral law has operated in international relations. The code which governs individuals doesn't aply to nations. Simple questions of behavior, of justice and square dealing, can be considered only by the country which has nothing in particular to gain by taking advantage of the other fellow.

Germany, France, and England would each have liked to gather Tripoli in and exploited the trade, agricultural and mineral resources. They were indignant over Italy's "precipitate action." But Austria, having no colonial ambitions, wished the Italians "good luck." That was at the beginning of hostilities. Austria, however, has had a sudden change of heart. She is now more angered against Italy than any of the other nations. For Italy, in carrying the war into Europe, has tread upon Austrian toes. She has incited Albania and set the Balkans aflame. And Albania in arms and the natives of the Balkans popping away at strangers, mean work and worry for Austria.

Turkey's rights are not worth considering so long as the tramping upon them doesn't cost the Austrian government a cent. It is vastly different when soldiers must be dispatched to the frontier and the soothing hand must be placed upon neighbors who take a childlike joy in shooting off firearms.

OUT OF STYLE.

As it is the fashion to revile capital, it is a little shocking to come upon a word in its favor, something like beholding a crinoline gown competing for space upon the sidewalks. The following paragraph, bearing no credit or responsibility of authorship, appeared between quotation marks in a newspaper that ordinarily suffers hydrophobia in the presence of the word "corporation."

"Great effort is needed to remove the hatred which exists in the popular mind against capital—infamous, infernal capital as it is called. It has been exhibited to the masses as a voracious and insatiable monster, more destructive than the cholera, more frightful than revolution, exercising on the body politic the action of a vampire, whose power of suction goes on increasing indefinitely. Vires acquirit eundo. The tongue of this bloodsucker is called usury, revenue, hire, rent, interest. . . . But these are merely paradoxes. Let the working classes be well assured that the mission of capital has always been to set men free from the yoke of ignorance, of want, and of despotism; and that to oppress or frighten away capital is tc rivet a triple chain on the energies of the human race."

Can it be that there is a word to say for capital? Has it any excuse? After all, there are more sides to some things than one.

THE PLEASURES OF AN EXILE

England, being a free trade country, holds the door open to the political refugee. Not only is an asylum given him, but in certain favored instances, he is provided with funds with which he can find an outlet for his energies and vitality.

King Manuel, of Portugal, has a small colony of exiled adherents at Richmond, just out of London and quite close to Windsor Castle. There he plots for the restoration of his throne. He receives messengers who come secretly out of Portugal. He reads communications and dispatches letters. He furnishes the press with news and, as it might be expected, this is always of a nature encouraging to his claims. But it is not all business with Manuel. He has many recreations. He is received in the "best houses." He rides about in motor cars and, from time to time, has his picture taken with members of the English royal family.

It must surely be a happy life to be a royal claimant. It is free of the anxieties that go with actual reigning, free of the threat of bullet and knife and the deafening bomb. Once an exile, it must surely be a disappointment to a king to be called back home and set at work.

UNEMPLOYMENT A SHAME.

The saying that the world owes every man a living is in contempt, because it has been abused, not because it is not true. It has been the defense of the thief, the argument of the sycophant. Nevertheless, the world does owe every man a living, and we have faith in an age not far away the world will see every man provided with means with which to live and to thrive.

Our civilization betrays its weakness no more pitifully than in the fact that thousands of workmen are today without employment. It is a shameful thing, when mankind is so eager for possession, so willing to dare, so ready of resource, so industrious and has so clear a vision of the untried means of production, that anyone should lack work. The system is awry. The ordinary practice of economics is all a jumble of unmethodical expedients. And in the strife of an industrial state, whch swings between maddening, crushing overwork and no work at all, men are alternately bid for feverishly and cast out to live as best they can.

How can it be helped? None of us, of course, really know. The cure is neither in charity nor in a poltical theory. Yet there is a light, even if a feebzle one, in the fact humanity is coming to feel as a whole that unemployment is a crime against civilization, that the world does owe everyone a living.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

The pardoning of Captain Hains is loudly condemned. The governor of New York is held up to scorn as an apologist for the unwritten law and as one in sympathy with murder. "What use are the Commandments," one writer asks indignantly, "and what are the courts if we are to return to an era of private vengeance?"

Yet the issue of the pardon was logical enough. It was in keeping with the common law which holds the wife in the light of property, a little more to be prized than real estate, a little less in value than the household silver. Governor Dix has remembered the marriage service and acted in accordance with the modern spirit. He agrees with the general tone—fostered largely by the women themselves—that women are ever to be protected and shielded, that they are without will, and in time of temptation, without a true sense of morality. So long as the law, the church and the obvious attitude of the public give husbands certain peculiar rights over their wives, it is unreasonable to keep a man in prison whose actions are in perfect harmony with custom. There is much said for the partnership idea in marriage. The idea appears to appeal until there is a test of it.

UPON OTHER SEAS.

Let us hope that Admiral Schley has gone to a place where there is glory enough for all.

BALLINGER AND THE BUREAU.

It is a convenient thing for former Secretary Ballinger that the bureaucratic system of government is held in poor standing. Since it is the practice to condemn bureaus in general it is become easy for the discredited secretary to get listeners for his attack upon two bureaus in particular.

A great corporation is divided into departments. There are engineer corps, operating officers, experimenters, financial experts, auditors, treasurers and hosts of others, all with separate and distinct duties, all working along specialized lines and all tied together by the supreme authority of president, executive committee and board of directors. Such a corporation is a small government of bureaus differing only from a political government in point of efficiency, clearness of aim and unquestioned honesty with the corporation. The bureaucratic system works in business. It is responsible for the high development of industry. It has made management more nearly a science than was possible under other systems. It has worked for the cheapening of products, the bettering of equipment, the increasing of earning powers.

It does not necessarily follow that because some of the bureaus of the federal government are notoriously weak the system is all wrong. Heaven knows our legislative and judicial departments have nothing to boast of to the discredit of the administrative department. The records in the case of Ballinger rather make a good showing for a bureaucratic government. It was in bureaus well conducted that two men appeared who were willing to sacrifice themselves that the country might be rid of the Ballinger person.

NOTICE SERVED.

It will be Governor Wilson if Colonel Marse Henry can move the spirit of the Democratic National convention. It will not be Governor Harmon if colonel Marse Henry Watterson's zeal and pen and collection of barbed words can prevent it.

Says the Colonel:

Two things seem tolerably sure to the surmise of the Courier-Journal: if Woodrow Wilson is nominated for President it will be through the force of an irresistible pressure of public opinion; and if he is defeated for the nomination, it will be by some organized agency, well backed with money.

And again:

When the time arrives for action the Courier-Journal will insist that the South at least shall take high ground and refuse to submit itself to be debauched either by the money of Wall Street, put up so lavishly to control the conventions of each party, or the ambition of local politicians, who may find it easiest to make terms with some unknown quantity, having everything to gain and nothing to lose

"Debauched by the money of Wall street!" For whom is that shot intended? Not for Underwood, writer of tariffs, nor for Clark, friend of Bryan, nor for Folk, who committed the unpardonable sin (to Wall street) of sending public utility corruptionists to the penitentiary. The notice is posted for the eyes of Harmon and the busy company now engaged in manufacturing Harmon delegates. Colonel Marse Henry Watterson is committed.

USING THE LAW LAWFULLY

Keep within the law, whatever you do.—Candidate Stephenson's instructions to his lieutenants.

It was lawful, according to the Stephenson lights, to pay off the mortgages upon the homes of men whose influence was needful, to subscribe to charities for the sole purpose of winning a name for good works, to endow churches that auditoriums might sound the honor of the political aspirant, to bring financial pressure to bear upon the backward and to surround the primary booths with adherents warranted to discourage voters of unfriendly mind.

There is a line in Scriptures: "The law is good, if a man use it lawfully." Which indicates that even in the day of St. Paul there were those who knew how to use the law immorally.

INSPIRED JUSTICE.

The circuit court sitting at Frankfort, Ky., has added a full candlepower to the already blinding wisdom of the law. It has decided that a man who takes growing corn from a field is not guilty of theft. He has stolen nothing. He has but committed a trespass.

But if—on the other hand—he has taken corn that is cut and shucked, he may be indicted for stealing.

In the one case he has, like Huckleberry Finn, "borrowed" the corn. In the second, he has done a criminal act and has laid himself open to punishment under the heaven-inspired justice of the Kentucky state courts.

The correspondent at Frankfort speaks of the decision as an "interesting point of law." A poor choice of adjectives. "Idiotic," or "outrageous," or "shameful" would, any one of them, have been better.

THE HOPE FOR AERONAUTICS

It is a backward city, town, village or hamlet that does not number an aeronautical inventor among its assets and liabilities. Now that it is no longer shameful to be a Darius Green, no longer provocative of an appeal for the appointment of a guardian, the inventors have spread their wings and fancy and ingenuity and are flying in the cloud lands of hope. The Wright brothers have been first. A thousand, ten thousand, rivals tread upon their heels.

Not so long ago a Californian issued the prospectus of a company which proposes making a flying machine, the chief merit of which was to take ducks upon the wing. We don't know if it ever took a duck, but the promises were splendid. The Blade had the honor of reporting the successful flight of an Ohio innkeeper in a monoplane of his own manufacture. What became of the machine and its designer, history has failed to chronicle. Mayhap caution succeeded the inspiration of discovery. Our local percentage is high. Of three persons who have essayed to annul the law of gravitation two have passed beyond the obstacle of scepticism and ridicule. The third, though his apparatus remained grimly and prosaically upon the surface of the earth, is held in picturesque memory.

The aeroplane is likely to prove a very crude contrivance for its purpose, holding the same relation to the final word in flying machines that Watt's steam engine does to the Corliss engine of today, that George Stephenson's rocket does to the giant mountain climbing locomotives of this generation. From among the mute, inglorious inventors, now hammering away in barns and stringing wires in basements, may come one with the right machine—swift, safe and so simple that the children who run the automobiles in the city streets may show what they can do to tangle up the rules of the air.

THE CRUSADE OUT OF DATE

It is not because of a decline in Christianity, but because there is more actual Christianity, that there is no inclination to look upon the Italian invasion of Tripoli as a holy war. There may be less religion since Louis IX. died while upon a crusade to this same coast, yet faith, we believe, is stronger, the sense of justice finer, the racial prejudices immeasurably weaker.

The Italian expedition is entirely mercenary. It is avowedly planned and equipped for the purpose of acquiring a colony and of seizing a share in the division of territorial spoils in northern Africa. There is some talk, for the looks of things, about taking civilization into the dark continent. But Italy is in no position to pose as a torch. She is no goddess of liberty, no archangel of the flaming sword. With Naples under the mastery of organized thieves, with Calabria steeped in superstition and Sicily groaning under wretched poverty, Italy has work enough for her philanthropy and material enough for many seasons of uplifting.

Sympathy, in America, England, France and Germany, we judge by the news telegrams, is mostly with the Turk in this war. Which surely shows that the appeal of the Cross no longer blinds the Christian people to the sins of murder and robbery, that mere differences of language and dress and customs do not always invoke snarling and suspicion.

BACK TO THE SOIL POSTPONED.

Only two counties in the state of New York, the census shows, experienced any increase in rural population in the last ten years. Of the total increase, New York City contributed nearly three-quarters. In four counties there was a falling off in population both in the towns and the country.

It is in New York City that the need of a "back to the soil" movement is most appreciated. It is preached the loudest and most insistently there. But in spite of it, the city grows and grows, until the density of population has reached the enormous figure of 43,850 persons per square mile.

From the census reports it would seem that the agitation against the desertion of the rural districts has proved almost a failure. Nowhere are there signs that the propaganda has had an influence in turning people from the cities toward the better life of the country. Even the incentive of high prices for farm products has not induced city folk to abandon the streets. Though thousands of families have moved into parts lying beyond the corporation limits of the larger communities, the incomes which support most of these famalies are earned not in the soil about their homes, but in the cities to which the heads of the families repair daily.

Something more than preaching, something more than the painting of attractive pictures, will be necessary to turn the tide of the population growth. It is not beyond the range of probabalities that such states as New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania—suffering the most from the disproportion of settlement—will have to finance the movement back to the soil.

IN THE CENTER OF CHANGE.

New York City, under the stimulus of progress has discarded another car line. There remains but one line employing animal power and the prospects are—so relentless is the spur of change—that this too, will at some day, more or less distant, sell its ancient motors and substitute the clang of the gong for the tinkling bells hanging from the horse collars.

How stirring it muss be to the people of the great city to behold the evidences of these swiftly changing times! How pleasant it must feel to be leaders in the marvelous transition! As each symbol of the old order falls, as each honored device is supplanted, the inhabitant gasps and exclaims "what next?" Alas! He may not imagine "what next," or there is no telling. Just as the horse cars of New York are abandoned for the electric cars, so may it come that the boy who rides horseback ahead of the locomotive in West street, waving his red flag, will have to seek a new job. There is no limit to change. Our hearts envy these New Yorkers who can see it going on with their own eyes.

MADERO'S TASK

The new president of Mexico enters upon his duties with more than the average number of pledges to which Latin-American executives commit themselves as a simple matter of form. The revolution he promoted and conducted successfully leaves him with his own set of problems and these, added to the extreme poverty of the laboring classes, the grievances against the big land owners, the time honored systems of grafting and the exploitation under foreign concessions, make up a burden of worries that the most patriotic man in Mexico might shrink from bearing. It remains to be seen if Madero avoids the responsibilities and, like other presidents of the Latin republics, devotes himself to building up a stronghold of personal power.

The Diaz administration was condemned in the United States with heat and violence. According to our standards, the conditions of public honor and private virtue were deplorable. But the citizens of Mexico look at things quite differently than we do. There is no promise, save those of the lips, that Madero can alter national and racial points of view so as to end the curse of landlordism, the labor contracting which amounts to slavery, the bleeding of foreign residents and the grafting in public office which is held as a privilege. The tradition of loot runs throughout all the fabric of Mexico. Her proudest history is founded upon it. Instincts march that way. And with all the good intentions which Madero has the purposes to which he has sworn himself and the obvious opportunities for gathering undying fame, it may be doubted if the successor of Diaz can overcome tradition or instill a new patriotism in his people.

THE ISSUE AHEAD

The tariff question, we have said in our ignorance, would be the topic with which the campaign caldron of 1912 would be set boiling. The pleasant prospect gradually dissipated and before the eye loomed that ancient of the school histories, State's Rights. A little doctored, garmented in new trappings and perhaps with a new name, it had the promise of wearing as hard and threadbare as the tariff. But it may not be. The curio shop of history may not have to give up its heirloom. Another issue has pushed itself to the center of the stage. It is no less than our dauntless friend the Trust Problem.

There are two excellent phases of the problem—two phases which are as full of threats as a wagonload of hedgehogs. One is that the trusts go on living, go on reproducing their kind, in spite of the law which solemnly lays it down that nothing may be done in restraint of trade. The other phase is, that with the law hanging at the administrative belt as a sort of political six shooter, business and industry may have to spend one minute with eyes upon the work in hand, two minutes with eyes peering uneasily over the shoulders. Prosperity climbs one foot and falls back three. Employment continues just long enough to pay the grocer for the last period of enforced idleness. Trusts, under the law, hang on, but soon they may be all that can hang on.

So, in these perplexities, there is as pretty a tangle as ever a voter put his foot into. It is as sweet a situation as a sugar mill. It will have the parties flopping their arms, biting at the chair legs, bringing forth cries of woe and desolation and broken hopes.

The campaign of 1912 is brightening up. The trust problem wins over all comers as an issue warranted to divide the country into warring camps and keeping it at war.

THE CRUELTY OF FASHION.

It is the duty of a newspaper to curse fashion from time to time. Here is another incitement to indignation:

Shipments of human hair from Hong Kong to the United States, amounted to $41,880 in 1907. They increased to $92,209 in 1908. In 1909, when the styles in headgear demanded puffs and switches and miscellaneous wads of hair here and there, the exports rose to $695,137. Then fashion issued a new order. It became the thing to go back to original sources. The consular reports show that only $12,649 worth of Chinese hair found its way to this country in the first quarter of 1911. The market was closed.

The evil is plain. A great trade had been built up. A waste product had been utilized. The coolie who had lost his last copper in a game of fan-tan was not yet broke. He knew that across the Pacific some lady needed his queue. So it was parted with and the wolf went howling to another door. It is said that a prosperous industry grew up upon the highroad where determined natives lay in wait, armed with scissors. Even the dead, we are told, contributed to the expenses of their funerals—their hair constituting a marketable commodity.

But see the inhuman cruelty of fashion. Its decrees have ruined the business. The mere writing of a word took bread from the mouth of a worthy people, short of cash, but long of hair.

SOUND AND STUPID.

The peace of Europe hasn't been a good thing to bet upon for several years. It has been reckoned as threadbare, bound in the nature of things to break down and let the demons of war loose upon sea and border.

The peace of Europe was strained when the Austrians took over a slice of Turkish territory which the Balkan States had long been counting upon acquiring for themselves. It was strained in the first dispute over Morocco and more so in the second controversy. When Italy went fortune hunting last week, there was still more straining, according to the news from the foreign capitals. Yet the chronic nervousness of the Balkans, the Moroccan troubles and the Italian expedition have none of them broken the peace of Europe. Nation glares at nation, but never pulls a trigger. Ambassador bluffs with ambassador, but the only signs of war are the pictures of new uniforms in the illustrated weeklies.

The peace of Europe has been tested. It has passed inspectioin. It is so sound it is stupid.

AN ORIGINAL CELEBRATION

Mr. Rockefeller held a little celebration in honor of the fifty-sixth anniversary of the acquirement of his first $1,000. Out of that sum grew his millions. Upon it was based the vast edifice of money, power and the privilege to do uncountable things denied to the ordinary man. It was natural that Mr. Rockefeller should hold the event in fond memory and observe the anniversary with such ceremony as his fancy suggested.

But surely there are much nobler days than that of accumulating a thousand dollars for Mr. Rockefeller to celebrate. We have never heard that he did so, yet he might give a little feast upon the anniversary of the day he signed the first check for the University of Chicago, the day he gave the Rush Medical college $6,000,000, the day he determined upon founding the Institute of Medical Research, the day he gave Cleveland park lands worth $1,000,000, the day it occurred to him to finance the fight against the "hookworm," and other days upon which gifts to church, to missions, to educational funds and to various unchronicled good causes were made. Those would be celebrations, a little less original, perhaps, than the one he chose to observe, but far more worthy.

If Governor Woodrow Wilson thinks many of the Protestant hymns we sing are silly he must have an unmentionable opinion of our popular songs.

Sunday School

A KING, SOME EXILES AND A HOMECOMING

International Sunday School Lesson for October 15 Is "The Return From Captivity." Ezra 1:11; 2:64-70.

By William T. Ellis.

One Persian monarch has been figuring in the newspapers of late, and he has presented rather an ignoble spectacle. Now a more interested constituency, the 28 million members of the Sunday schools of the world—will this week study about another Persian ruler, known in literature as "the Great King." Cyrus the Great was one of the half dozen world rulers of all history. The known earth was then in vassalage to Persia. What a descent to the weakness, anarchy and misery of the Persia of today!

The other nation that figures in the story is the Jewish people: then, as now, a nation despite their lack of king, capital and organized government. They were exiles in Babylonia and Persia. An interesting analogy is the present-day fact that while many nations are even more eager than Cyrus to get rid of the Jews, they are steadily increasing in importance, power, solidarity and national consciousness. Even the Jews who have remained in Babylonia and Persia unto this day—and they number hundreds of thousands—are beginning to lift up their heads in newness of hope and self-confidence.

The prophesied exile of the Jews was almost over. The promised return had been permitted by Cyrus, who had various reasons of policy for wishing to possess the loyalty of the Jews, and also to establish them once more in the strategic outpost of his kingdom at Jerusalem. Back of the "Great King," of course, and moving mysteriously upon his will, was the King of kings. The mightiest of earth is only a servant to do the will of the Most High. God shapes history for His own sovereign purposes, in the promotion of His kingdom.

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

Taught by Trouble.

Experience is a schoolmaster who always carries a rod. The Jews, unwilling to learn their lessons in any softer school, had been sent into exile. The sole and avowed purpose of the exile was to teach a vagrant-minded and instable-hearted people the lesson of loyalty to God. They had continually wandered after the heathen gods of their neighbors.

Now the great question was, had they learned the lesson designed for them in this severe school? To miss the meaning of adversity is like refusing a precious letter because one does not like the postman's looks. God sends no meaningless trials. "But it has made a preacher out of you," said a close friend to a clergyman, reviewing a deep sorrow through which the latter had passed. One of the vital books of recent months is "Early Letters of Marcus Dods," which reveal the life of the great scholar-preacher-author during the six long years when he was an unsuccessful candidate for a first charge. A lesser soul would have been embittered and spoiled by that ordeal: it was the refining of the gold of Dods' character.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray,
But now I observe Thy word,"

wore the Psalmist. That was Israel's experience. In exile it learned that Jehovah alone is God. Never more did its heart wander after idols. The bitterness of exile was sweetened by this fruit: the Jews learned to give God His rightful place.

A Teller and a Doer.

"Of which things also I was a part," wrote Caesar in his account of his Gallic wars. Ezra is the scribe whose writing we now study; he is the narrator of this record. A historian, he probably compiled several of the sacred books of the Jews; and in a large part of the volume which bears his name he speaks in the first person. His is the testimony of an eye-witness. He was a participant in the scenes he describes. He was a doer as well as a teller.

Down along the Tigris river below Bagdad I saw a great shrine which was pointed out as Ezra's tomb. The Jews believe that he returned to Babylonia and was buried there. So great is the esteem in which his memory is held that the Jews from a wider egion make annual pilgrimages to this shrine. Prayers for children especially are supposed to be efficacious when offered here. The descendants of the exiles who remained behind thus honor the memory of the leader of those who left.

For many Jews did not go back home when opportunity offered. Only about one out of six returned to Palestine. The remainder had struck new roots into this fertile soil and had found prosperity. Business was good in Babylonia. Besides the exiles from the Northern Kingdom had in this foreign land become assimilated with their brethren from Judah. They were doing well socially and commercially; and material considerations triumphed over sentimental and spiritual ties.

The Goers and the Senders.

The stay-at-homes helped the goers-forth. That is the universal rule. When I climbed the sacred mountain Fujiayama with bands of Japanese pilgrims, I learned that they were but representatives of their respective communities; the whole neighborhood had niteq to pay the costs. Thus Christian Endeavor delegates go to conventions. So, also, it is with Zionism today; Jews all over the earth pay for the maintenance of their fellow religionists who have returned to Palestine. Practically every Hebrew in the Holy Land today receives a "portion" from abroad.

In this manner the more pious and devoted of the expatriates were helped home. The immense sums necessary for journey and for re-establishment of life in the Promised Land, were provided by those who, for various reasans, were unable to go themselves. Similarly the great missionary propaganda of today is made possible by the few who go abroad and the many who stay behind. "If you cannot go, send," was a cry raised in Babylonia by Ezra and his lieutenants nearly 2,500 years before it was heard in missionary meetings.

The Restored Treasures.

As the buried libraries of Babylonia are today being dug up to shed new light upon the beginnings of civilization, and as the tombs of Egypt are yielding up their well-kept records, so the treasures of the Jewish temple were restored to the returning exiles by Cyrus.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

He had made Israel a nation by the bondage in Egypt; now he had cured them of idolatry by the exile in Babylon. So He had strangely preserved for them, in the hands of their enemies, the utensils for temple use. They could not have kept these themselves; so Jehovah provided a Babylonian storage vault for them. We may yet learn that He has likewise kept the Ark of the Covenant in the secret depths of Mount Moriah, to be restored in His own good time.

The return—which a later lesson will enable us to study more in detail—was in sharp contrast to the journey from Jerusalem to Babylon. Then the Jews were captives in tears and misery, spoiled of all their possessions, torn from their homes. Now they were a well-organized company, numbering above forty-two thousand, with more than seven thousand servants. They had the royal favor of the king of the known world. They were properly equipped, and had great treasure, both for their own use and for the rebuilding of the temple. They were a broad-minded and more wordly-wise company than they had been half a century before. Their sojourn at the seat of the world's finest civilization had taught them many lessons that would tinge all their future experience.

Back Home.

"Hard-headed" men would be likely to approve of the Jews who stayed in Babylon, rather than of those who went back to the ruined city on Mount Zion. The contrast was complete. Babylon was a great city. The whole world centered there, and sent its tribute of trade and people in a rich and constant stream. Babylon was full of business, social and political opportunities. As the cases of Daniel and his friends proved, the right sort of man might any day fall under imperial favor and contract profitable alliances. So far as prudence could forsee, Babylon was safe from the ravages of war: who would dare attack this so great city, the capital of the earth? The comforts, pleasures and luxuries of life abounded there.

On the other hand, Jerusalem was only a ruin. There were none of the comforts of home, even of the old home that their fathers used to know. Business opportunities would be slight, and agricultural opportunities less. Robbers and hostile armies both were to be feared. Every man who went back would be severely taxed in purse, body and mind for the rebuilding project.

That sort of reasoning would have kept Abraham in the prosperous city of Ur of the Chaldees; and the Pilgrim Fathers in Holland. It was the old, old choice that was offered the exiles. They could have the best, at a high price. Up in Judea awaited varied hardships—but also the pure worship of God. They had to make choice between the material and the spiritual. Sentiment and spirituality called them back to the old home, where they could honor Jehovah, by the restoration of His pure worship upon Mount Zion. Personal ease and profit bade them remain in Babylon. One out of six chose the better part: it is eternal wisdom to seek the freedom and growth of the soul, and to put the concerns of the spirit above the concerns of the body.

Varieties

The steamer Olympic has 29 boilers.

Tasmania has a population of 200,000.

A full-grown elephant can carry three tons on its back.

Two-fifths of the world's 100,000,000 swine are in the United tSates.

It is estimated that there are 1,471,000 native Christians in India.

Some of the coal fields of British Columbia are to be electrified.

It requires 30,000 silk worms to produce five pounds of silk.

Hawaii is pouring out money like water in support of her public schools.

The novelty business of China is drifting into the hands of the Japanese.

Jang Po, a Boston celestial, has made half a million dollars selling chop suey.

Berlin has 1,001 streets and 7 bridges, not including railroad bridges.

Denmark has about 85 head of cattle to every 100 inhabitants.

The population of Ireland is said to be 4,381,951, a decrease of nearly 77,000 since 1901.

There were 8,468 books published in 1910, being an increase of 22 over 1909.

Maine newspapers report that farmers in that state are reviving the use of oxen.

In Japan among the poorer classes fully one-third of the marriages end in divorce.

All kinds of fireworks are more commonly used in Mexico than in the United States.

The greatest ocean depth recorded is at Nero Deep, in the north Pacific—5,269 fathoms.

Very thin sheets of the metal aluminum are now used for wall covering in place of paper.

The oldest hymn in the world is the Song of Moses, composed in the year 1491 B. C.

A halibut weighing 700 pounds was recently brought to an English fish market.

New Zealand is preparing to spend millions of dollars in developing its water power resources.

California mines have yielded more than $100,000,000 of quicksilver in the last 60 years.

Last January a volcanic explosion in the Philippines was heard at a distance of 300 miles.

Women lawyers in France are permitted to act as magistrates in cases of children under 13 years of age.

In Austria, where the production of kerosene is a great industry, a large government refinery is under contemplation.

Gold lace and embroidery can be cleaned with powdered burnt alum, applied with a soft brush and wiped off with a soft cloth.

Berlin has a new restaurant with accommodations for 10,000 diners and a kitchen staff of 500 persons.

The Japanese make much of their paper from millet stalks, of which material Manchuria furnishes about 245,000 tons a year.

An oil-engine-driven electric generating plant will be used to illuminate a lightship that is being built for the harbor of Hamburg.

Spain has launched its first home-made warship. All the material entering construction was also of Spanish manufacture.

There are now 3,000 people in the new Swastika gold mining camp, 7 miles north of the Cobalt silver area.

In London 900,000 persons are living more than two in a room and 26,000 persons are living six or more in a single room.

For the use of immigrants a two-story hotel with sleeping accommodations for 3,200 persons has been opened at Buenos Ayres.

The great Welsh coal strike of a few months ago is said to have cost the parties concerned the sum of nearly $13,000,000.

The manufacture of wood pulp paper involves 28 separate operations from cutting down the trees to selling the product.

For the use of both vehicles and pedestrians Hamburg is building two tunnels under the River Elbe. They are to cost $2,500,000.

The oldest map of the heavens, containing 1,400 stars, was made in China in 600 B. C., and is in the National library, at Paris.

Much resembling American plug tobacco is compressed tea, formed into blocks by an English firm for the convenience of travelers.

The cocoanut is not only valuable as a source of food and drink in tropical countries, but it is also the best of all trees for shade.

The Grand Trunk railway is about to adopt the telephone instead of the telegraph for train dispatching over its entire system.

Equal parts of tin and zinc make a non-shrinkable alloy and the addition of a little bismuth makes it melt at a lower temperature.

Miss Blanche Azoulay is the first woman to practice law in Algiers. She is a native of Algiers and received her education there.

In the year 391 of our era Theodosius the Great issued an edict abolishing paganism and idolatry throughout the Roman empire.

During the 28 years from 1882 to 1909 the fishermen of Nova Scotia received from the government bounties aggregating $2,805,632.

The population of Paris within the fortifications that encircle the city is 2,847,000. With the suburbs it numbers about 4,000,000.

The Paris Louvre, now the world's finest art gallery, was originally a royal residence in the reign of Dagobert, about the year 628 of our era.

When the postal bank was opened in New York there was the customary rush, but 142 of the accounts were closed before the end of the month.

A waterproof veil is a new idea to catch the women's coins. It is said to prevent the formation of water on the veil in rain or misty atmosphere.

For muslin work in rural England an automobile has been equipped with an altar and other fittings and duly consecrated by church authorities.

More than a million dollars in prizes has been offered for special flights and for improvements in aeroplanes during the May to December portion of 1911.

Brazil, which in 1910 bought of France automobiles of the value of $106,200, has bought in the first six months of the present year autos of the value of $766,600.

Nagoya, Japan, produces about $350,000 worth of clocks annually. Tokio comes next with an output of $250,000. Japan's exports of clocks amounts to about $350,000 a year.

Cure Your Rheumatism

50,000 BOXES FREE

Ankle and toe joints stiff and swollen from rheumatic poison.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, **enclosing this advertisement**, to JOHN A. SMITH, 6164 Smith Building, Milwaukee, Wis., and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Iodide of Potassium, Poke Sillingia, Iodide of Potassium, Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsaparilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 30 and 40 years' standing even in persons of old age.

The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

"GLORIA TONIC," and

fifty thousand boxes are offered free to introduce it.

If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, **enclosing this advertisement**, to JOHN A. SMITH, 6164 Smith Building, Milwaukee, Wis., and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

ALL WORLD MUST PAY MORE TO EAT

Europe Already Suffering and America to Feel Pinch This Winter.

Washington, Oct. 5.—Europe is already suffering the results of the general crop shortage. Last week's forecast of high prices for foodstuffs was, if anything, underestimated. Conditions abroad are far worse than here.

During the coming winter in the United States, according to dispatches received the past week from various points in Europe, conditions are to be worse rather than better. Already the shortage of all crops except the cereals is reflected in the prices for table commodities—double last year's prices for half last year's supply. The markets of Berlin, Paris, Madrid, Dresden, Brussels, Munich, Vienna and Hamburg justify, along all lines, the predictions made throughout the summer's unprecedented drought that the winter of 1911-1912 would break records in so far as the prices to be paid by consumers are concerned.

The department of agriculture has accepted the price lists of Berlin Central Market Hall as a standard. These prices are paralleled in practically every instance and surpassed in a few by the price ranges in all the other cities of northern Europe and of the Austro-Hungarian empire.

Prices in Germany Soaring.

The accompanying table is based upon the official report of Berlin Central Market Hall. The prices in all instances are the averages of this season and last. No attention has been paid to the varying qualities of the commodities. The figures are as follows:

Commodities.	1911.	1910.
Carrots, 100 pounds	$2.81	$ .69
Peas, 100 pounds	4.25	2.25
Potatoes, 100 pounds	1.40	.61
Spinach, 100 pounds	5.25	3.13
Beans, 100 pounds	2.25	1.25
Wax beans, 100 pounds	5.87	2.00
Onions, 100 pounds	2.12	1.19
Blue cabbage, crate	2.30	1.25
Savoy, crate	2.50	1.25
Cabbage, crate	2.12	.87
Cucumbers, crate	.60	.40
Tomatoes, crate	3.12	2.50
Cauliflower, 100 head	5.75	4.00

Regarding the north European conditions the department of agriculture has this to say:

"In consequence of the long, rainless period and great drought the upward movements of produce prices is noticeable. Although Europe is only at the beginning of the consequences of the dry summer, the differences in prices as against last year are extraordinary. In taking the Berlin prices as a standard of comparison it is to be considered a comparatively cheap town. In consequence of the large consumption the prices for meat and other important foodstuffs are lower there than in many western and southern German cities, as well as in France and Austria. A general rise in prices is noticeable also in fruit, butter, milk, eggs, flour and sugar and in many other articles, and the rise is constant."

Latest dispatches received by the department report rain in greater or less amount throughout the drought-stricken areas. This the department agents do not regard as bringing much benefit at this late time. Such benefit will be slight, if in any degree calculable.

One Reason Sugar Is High.

From France and from Spain come equally discouraging reports. The practical failure of the beet sugar crop—"no crop ever was a total failure," say the agricultural experts—is expressed in the figures furnished by Otto Licht, the leading French authority. M. Licht's figures are in metric tons (2204 pounds), a comparision in tons being as follows:

	1910.	1911.
Germany	2,602,000	1,725,000
Austria-Hungary	1,535,000	1,325,000
France	725,000	350,000
Russia	2,140,000	2,200,000
Other countries	1,098,000	950,000
Totals	8,100,000	6,550,000
Shortage, 1,550,000 metric tons.		

"Accepting M. Licht's figures as accurate in all instances except that of Russia, this shortage cannot but be productive of the highest prices known for sugar since 1878, the year following the Russo-Turkish war," say the officials of the agricultural department.

A week ago the department saw in the failure of the root crop of Europe only a counterbalancing of the benefits of the generally good cereal crops of the same territory. This week they are confronted by discouraging figures from Russia.

The Russian department of the interior has put out the following estimated shortage on the three important crops of the empire, based on the individual reports of 60 Russian "governments" about the equivalent of our American states: Wheat, 144,000 bushels less than 1910; rye, 48,000,000 bushels less than 1910, and oats, 120,000,000 bushels less than 1910.

Russia's wheat decrease of 144,000,000 bushels exactly counterbalances the estimates of the combination of increase reported by the so-called importing nations of western Europe.

The department of agriculture sees in the general shortage in Europe but a single benefit for the United States—cottonseed and linseed oil cake will be in high demand for cattle food. Flaxseed also will be wanted. Last year's exports of cottonseed and linseed oil cake by the United States totaled $9,000,000. The department believes that Northern Europe will take more than $20,000,000 of these products in the course of the coming winter.

That European conditions, already bad and growing worse, with little or no relief in sight, will add to the burden of the American consumer is a conviction in the minds of the statisticians. The claim of a week ago that the coming winter will make new records is truer today than it was then.

All over the world conditions are bad. The lean year is before the people of the United States. There will not be a famine in any part of the United States, but the poor will suffer. What may happen to the European nations is a matter of conjecture. There has not been a parallel condition for nearly a generation.

SAY TAFT'S TRIP HAS HELPED HIM

Friends of President Declare Reception More Cordial Than Expected.

Washington, Oct. 7.—Friends of President Taft in this city say they are pleased with the reception he is having in the West, as it is more cordial than they expected. When the western trip was planned there were many of the President's friends who would have been glad to dissuade him from undertaking it.

They knew there was great opposition to his adminstration, especially throughout the middle West, and they were inclined to believe that a trip made by him in that section could not have any good effect politically. The trip thus far has proved the contrary, say the President's friends here, although they do not contend that it has been a triumphal progress or that it has resembled the trips of Presidents Roosevelt or McKinley in enthusiasm.

Insurgents Are Cordial.

In the middle West insurgent states Mr. Taft's reception has been cordial. Men in both factions of the party have united to receive him, and have occupied places on the platforms. The President has been at his best on this trip in the role of peacemaker. He is an expert at being friendly to folk. He will go through the trip, his Washington friends think, and will return to the White House stronger that before he went away. There will still be opposition they admit, and the coming session of Congress will be of the strenuous character.

Mr. Taft's friends say that it would have been impossible for Grover Cleveland, in the latter part of his second term, to have made a trip over the country without meeting with personal affront. There would have been more or less evidence of opposition in every city he would have entered and the trip on the whole would have been a failure. But with Mr. Taft, also unpopular with a faction of his party, this has not been the case. The presidential office has of course done something to insure him respect.

Crowds Respectful.

It would be unfair, say the Taft men, to compare the present trip with any which Mr. McKinley or Mr. Roosevelt made, for these men went over the country at the height of their popularity and men in both parties strove with one another to do them honor. Mr. Taft makes a trip now at a time when he is supposed to have lost much ground, and yet his reception has been generous, hospitable and encouraging. The crowds which turn out to hear him have been large, respectful and apparently without marked prejudice.

Viewed in these lights, the trip, according to friends of the President, will not of itself smooth out the party difficulties, nor make the session of Congress next winter harmonious. Nor will it of itself insure Republican success in 1912, but its effect, whether large or small, will all be in that general direction.

INVENTS SUGAR BEET PICKER

Kansas Man's Machine Harvests 366,000 a Day.

Wichita, Kan., Oct. 6.—A machine that its inventor says will harvest 360,000 sugar beets daily, has been invented by E. A. Cadwallader.

Persons who have studied the model and examined the drawings believe that Mr. Cadwallader has struck upon an invention that will insure him a fortune, as harvesting beets is a big labor problem. He now awaits a patent. His model has two big cylindrical wheels, one directly behind the other. On the forward wheel were knives which revolved and clipped the tops off the beets. A plow followed, turning up the beets, and behind the plow was attached another cylindrical wheel in which were grips dug into the ground and pulled out the beets carrying them around the wheel and dumping them into an elevator.

To this model, Mr. Cadwallader added to and took away, gradually perfecting each part.

Pimples? No They've All Gone!

No More Humiliation; the Wonderful Stuart's Calcium Wafers "Get After" those Pimples, Boils and Skin Eruptions.

Trial Package Sent Free to Prove It.

No need for anyone to go about any longer with a face covered with pimples, blotches, eruptions, blackheads and liver-spots. These are all due to impurities in the blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly and the blemishes will disappear.

"A Few Days Ago My Face Was Full of Pimples. Now They're All Gone. I Used Stuart's Calcium Wafers."

That's what Stuart's Calcium Wafers are intended to accomplish and do accomplish. Their principal ingredient is Calcium Sulphide, the quickest and most thorough blood cleanser known.

These wonderful little wafers get right into the blood, and destroy all eruptive substances present in it. In some cases a few days is sufficient to make the complexion clean and pure. And when the blood is pure the whole system is a hundred per cent better.

Don's fret any longer about those blackheads, pimples, boils, tetter, eczema, spots or skin eruptions; they'll all go and "go quick"if you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

You can have a trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers, simply by sending your name and address to F. A. Stuart Co., 422 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Then, when you have proved their vadue, you can get the regular-size package for 50 cents, at an drug store.

HORSES STOP ROMANCE?

Heiress Loves Them, Former Fiance Doesn't.

Chicago, Oct. 5.—Did her love for horses and the known antipathy to animals of any sort on the part of her royally related fiancee, cause Miss Henela Stallo, the $10,000,000 Cincinnati heiress, to break her engagement?

Miss Stallo, a favorite in Chicago society circles, maintains an imperturbable calm when questioned. Nils Florman, a relative of the king of Sweden and the grandson of a Swedish admiral and the supposedly lucky winner of the dashing Ohio girl's heart, smiles sadly and also refuses to discuss the affair.

Miss Stallo, who is only 18, has often declared she loves horses better than anything else in the world. She has one of the finest stables in Cincinnati and scorns to ride in an automobile.

Early this year, after a long European tour, during which many foreign noblemen laid siege to Miss Stallo's heart and $10,000,000, Florman came to Cincinnati. He was but one of scores of young men already in the race for the hand of the young heiress, but after two months' acquaintanceship he announced his victory.

His friends hardly had finished congratulating him when the startling annnouncement was made by Miss Stallo that the engamement was off.

And now her friends are wondering whether her oft-repeated declaration of her love for her four-footed friends is really true, after all.

START SOON ON PYRAMID DAM

One of Greatest Irrigation Projects in the Southwest.

San Bernardino, Cal., Oct. 7.—Now that the waters have fallen and the Colorado river returned to its banks work will begin on the dam which is to be built across this stream in Pyramid canyon, 40 miles north of Needles. It is one of the great irrigation projects in the southwest.

The point where the initial dam will be built is known as the bull's head site and the dam will be 140 feet high and 400 feet wide. It will be built of concrete in the form which is known as an arch dam with a gravity section. This powerful bulkhead will hold in reserve 850,000 acre-feet of surplus water and flood Pyramid canyon northward for a distance of 90 miles.

Not only will this immense volume of water be used to irrigate Chuckawalla valley and Palo Verde mesa, 120 miles away to the south, but from it will be developed power to raise the irrigating waters 300 feet above the bed of the Colorado river, and cause it to flow over 300,000 acres of now arid land.

The plans are not unlike the government reclamation project now in process of construction near Yuma and include an intake dam and settling reservoir 15 miles above Ehrenberg. From the settling reservoir to the first pumping station is a distance of eight miles, to the second nine miles, and to the third 10 miles, and in this distance the water is raised 300 feet to the tablelands to be irrigated. Plans call for 59 miles of initial canals to distribute the water over the 300,000 acres.

When completed one inch of water under four-inch pressure, continuous flow, is guaranteed to users for every three acres. The whole undertaking is expected to be completed in five years.

GOLD BULLETS WERE USED

Yaquis Tried Them in Recent Warfare Against Diaz.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 5.—Bullets of solid gold were used by Yaqui Indians in fighting against Porfirio Diaz in the recent Mexican revolution. In Mazatlan hospitals, where many wounded underwent operations, discovery of the golden pellets, it was said, was an ordinary occurrence.

EARL DESCRIBES RICH AUSTRALIA

Says Island Has No Limit to Possibilities and Prosperous.

London, Oct. 6.—The Earl of Dudley, who has just returned from Australia, where he has filled the office of governor general for the last three years, said in the course of an interview that few people seemed to realize how extraordinarily prosperous Australia was.

Possibilities Unlimited.

There appeared to be no limit to her possibilities. Practically anything could be grown there. Nothing struck the Englishman arriving in Australia more than the remarkably "well-to-do" appearance of the people. Nowhere did one see signs of such poverty as at home. There was still plenty of room in the country, and he was surprised that more people did not go there. In his opinion no strong man who was willing to work need be without employment in Australia. Such a man could find work of some sort immediately, provided he was not particular what he turned his hand to.

The two things which it appeared to him Australia needed more than anything else were population and railways. Great progress was being made both in wheat growing and in dairying, the improvements effected in the freezing chambers on steamers making the sending abroad of butter and other dairy produce much easier and more satisfactory than it used to be. Meat also was now being sent home in large quantities. The country districts, however, suffered from shortage of labor.

Australia was just entering on a scheme of universal military training. The training of cadets had begun, but he felt that the time alotted, namely 16 days, was insufficient. Perhaps it was wise not to make the service too arduous at first; still it was wonderful how well the people had accepted the idea of compulsion.

Navy Being Built Up.

As regards the Australian navy they had already three destroyers and had ordered a dreadnought cuiser and three smaller cruisers. The difficulty, however, was to obtain the necessary number of men.

The Australian was not a sailor. Up to the present he had shown no inclination to go to sea, a fact which was hardly surprising when one considered the facalities for earning a livihood which the land offered. There was no large fishing population from which to obtain recruits.

The British admiralty would have to help the Australians to man their ships at first, trusting to the establishment of colleges and training ships to provide a supply of seamen in the future. There was an idea that the Australians did not like discipline, and would be unwilling to submit to the rigid discipline on board a man-of-war. It was true the people were independent and free and easy, but they were extraordinarily well behaved, as he had had every reason to observe while in camp with militia regiments.

Of late years enormous tracts of land had been utilized which were formerly considered valueless. With the help of superphosphates, wheat had been grown on land which a few years before was regarded as desert; a great deal too had been accomplished with artesian wells, and a beginning had been made with irrigation, from which great things were expected.

BAR LIQUOR IN HARVARD CLUB

No Beer or Cocktails Obtainable Hereafter at the Union.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 7.—No longer can Harvard students drink beer or cocktails at the Harvard union. There will be no more "beer night," or banquets with drinks served there.

The administrative board of the union has voted against the use of liquor in the building. There is no bar in the union and liquors are not served in its restaurant, but undergraduate organizations have occasionally had "punches" and "beer nights" there.

ROOSEVELT TO HUNT WHALES

Sea Captain Says Ex-President Will Try New Sport

Long Beach, Cal., Oct. 6.—After hunting bear in the South and elephants in Africa, Theodore Roosevelt may come to Long Beach to hunt whales. Captain Loop, whose power boat is fitted up for the pursuit as a sport, announces that Mr. Roosevelt intends to pursue the leviathan.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

LET us start you in mail order business. Spare time. Cut prices, best quality groceries. Outfit free. Price-Wrecking Grocery Co., Dept. BH, Buffalo, N. Y.

HELP WANTED.

YOU ARE WANTED for government positions, $80.00 month to commence. Annual vacations. Short hours. No "layoffs". Common education sufficient. Over 12,000 appointments coming. Influence unnecessary. Send postal immediately for free list and description of positions open. Kranklin Institute, Dept. O 32, Rochester, N. Y.

Local representative wanted. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. Marden, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate Company, L 508 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

500 men 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for Electric Railway motormen and conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Box 200, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

NORTH CAROLINA FARM LANDS.

FARM for profit in Eastern North Carolina, The "Nation's Garden Spot." Leads other localities for vegetables, fruits and staple farming on small capital. Homeseekers and investors write Carolina Trucking Development Co., 817 Southern Bldg., Wilmington, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

15 envelopes, printed with your return address 10c, postpaid. Dallas Art Co., Dept. 2, Cambridge, O.

Tatooing outfits; send stamp for price list. H. May, Dept. B., Buffalo, N. Y.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

CLAIRVOYANT.

FREE—Future, past present can be revealed. Send dime and birthdate; can astonish you. Mme. Irene, 115 Second st., Kewanee, Ill.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

FORTUNES TOLD—Past and future, love, marriage, business and all affairs of life carefully treated. Send birthdate and 6c in stamps. Prof. Millet, Box 725, St. John's Newfoundland.

Marriage paper mailed free, reliable, best published. Eastern Agency, 69, Bridgeport, Conn.

LADIES send for catalogue of reliable toilet, drug and rubber specialties. Col. Mac. Supply Co., 259 South St., Newark, N. J.

LISTEN—Don't read this if you don't care where your money goes. We can show you how to save half or more on anything you need, whether it be a paper of needles or a $500 diamond, groceries, men's, ladies' and boys' clothing, furniture, jewelry or any merchandise. Best granulated sugar at 4c a pound; Uneda Biscuits, 3c; 5 bars Lenox soap, 14c; best $12 suits of clothes, $4.75; best $20 suit, $8.75; best guaranteed $25 sewing machine, $10.65; floor oilcloth, 18c a yard; ladies' guaranteed 14-k solid gold watch, $9.50; or anything you can think of at the same low prices; booklets free, city, country or anywhere, write or call; lady agents wanted everywhere. The Harrison System, 202 Pittsburg Life Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

LADIES, make supporters, $12 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wapash Supply Co., Dept. W-41, Chicago, Ill.

MARRY—Many wealthy, members will marry. All ages. Description free. Reliable Club, Dept. 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only **$3.00** for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a **Quarter Million Homes**, from Maine to California, and before over a **Million Readers** every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

TELLS ABOUT

50,000 BOOKS FREE BY MAIL

WORTH $10 TO ANY MAN

THE HOME CURE OF MEN'S AILMENTS

Every afflicted man, suffering from any **man disease**, should write quick for his **copy of this Wonderful Free Book.** It tells in plain, strong, simple words how any man can **privately cure himself at home,** of such diseases as Blood Poison (Inherited or Acquired), Vital Weakness, Loss of Power, Nervous Debility, Indiscretions, Organic or Contagious Disease, the After-effects of Fast Living; Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles. No matter how long you have suffered; how old or stubborn your case; how often you have failed to find relief or how discouraged and down-hearted you are—**this book will be a revelation**—give you new hope—a new lease on life. It is chuck full of good, sound logic and advice—just the things you should know and follow. If you want your **old-time health, strength and manhood** restored, send **RIGHT NOW** for your copy of this **Great Guide to Health**—mailed **FREE,** postpaid in plain, sealed envelope.

DR. JOS. LISTER & CO. 903 Northwestern Bldg. Chicago, Ills., U. S. A.

I was a Heavy Drinker!

Consumed quart of Whisky every 24 hours.

What I say I do, I do do!

Are you a drinker? Do you wish to cure yourself? If so, here's my hand, my warmest sympathy and my positive assurance that within 72 hours after you obtain my Set of Remedies you will be better satisfied with yourself than ever in your life. You will not be sick during my **3 days' Treatment;** you need lose no time, nobody will know what has caused you to give up liquor or beer forever unless you choose to tell. **You can enter bar-rooms** or even pour out whisky without feeling the slightest temptation. You will be cured to stay cured. Think of what you waste in money, think of how your life is being shortened. **Get rid of the craving forever.** Be a man among men! You can do wonderful work if not drinking! My set of Remedies will cure you. **What I say I do, I do do!**

Get the Genuine Drink Cure

Do you want to cure someone who is near and dear to you? Then my Set of Remedies is what you should get. Do not be misled by what seems to be cheaper, but what is absolutely valueless and means a waste of time as well as money. Do not imagine that because some advertised remedy cured just one woman's husband, it is universally reliable. Consider how many other cases it has cured. **Read the testimonials.** If you have made the mistake of buying something which has done you no good, drop it and get the true Method, which cures in 72 hours by the clock.

The Woods Method is known the world over; it is being endorsed and recommended everywhere. Why? Because it is the most successful and most inexpensive, genuine Treatment that exists.

I cannot say much in this advertisement; I want you to read my book. It will be a revelation to you.

CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave." **I drank beer at first,** then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whisky, gin or gin daily—and mixed drinks and beer additionally.

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden to all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a confirmed case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a **joyous message** for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly **found a cure.** It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life, **my health and my family.** It restored me to a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom and unencumbered alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to pass up tea, coffee and other non-alcoholic liquids. **The craving for liquor ceased;** I could sleep perfectly. My stomach became well and I recovered from rheumatism and other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

My cure took 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has **no will power while drinking,** and so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. **During eight years I have personally attended to over 2,000 men and women who were addicted to drink;** it includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of financial and physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of those who have been saved through this *quick, pleasant cure* this publication would be astonished. Well-known public officials, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations. **Tell about the secret** in my cure? **No,** while I **FREELY** (to every person (or relative or friend) who is addicted to any form to excess. My one purpose in life is **to cure the drunkard,** I implore in every quarter. Humanity has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for **steady or periodical drinkers.** Think of it—a complete **permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night**—or any other 72 hours! **Men and Women, Any Age, Quickly Cured by Request.** To relatives, **friends or employers** I say: If you want to cure a drinker in the quickest time and permanently, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—**changes despair to joy.**

True Method Discovered

Alcoholism is a disease for which a remedy has at last been discovered, and this is the offer to you, dear reader, made absolutely without reserve. It is the true Method, the genuine Treatment which has long been seeking and which drives the alcohol poison out of the system after all others fail. **It is the most successful method in the world,** causing a great furore, not only in America but in every land. It is endorsed by medical men, by the clergy and by thousands of persons who owe their happiness to the **Woods' Method.** It is easy to take and a perfect treatment which can be taken in the home of those dear to you and with marvelous effect upon the patient's health. It induces **contentment,** a well poised head, bright, magnetic eyes, calm sleep, clear thoughts and general satisfaction in life. It also induces **money saving, too.** *I will deal with you fairly and treat you as satisfactorily as if you were to visit me in New York.*

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments and remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, **it costs nothing** and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Cut this advertisement out if you cannot write to-day.

EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Av., 490 J, New York, N. Y.

DRUNKARDS SECRETLY CURED

Read about what is being accomplished and learn that no matter what you have tried in the past, you can now succeed. **Gentle, safe, guaranteed** Method.

Mrs. W. R. Carman, Echo, L. I., N. Y., writes: "My husband **drank heavily for over 30 years,** lost positions and was in awful condition. In 3 days he was completely cured by the Woods' Home Treatment. We have been very happy ever since."

Mrs. Sarah Mock, Wrey, Colo., writes: "My husband did not want to stop drinking, although it was killing him and also me. Tried other remedies in vain. I gave him Mr. Woods' B Treatment **secretly.** He soon began to **detest liquor** and thought a miracle had happened. In a few days he was **completely cured;** has never touched a drop since and is wonderfully changed for the better."

Mrs. Marie N. Lane, Spottswood, N. J., writes: "I cannot find words to express my joy. Your treatment worked wonders with Mr. Lane. He is **completely free from all craving."**

Mrs. Wm. Pring, 80 Williams Ave., Hyde Park, Mass., writes: "I started giving your remedies to Mr. Pring on a Friday night and by **Sunday he was completely cured.** That was long ago. He has never had any craving since. Was hard **drinker** many years."

John L. Corish, M. D., 30 Herbert St., Brooklyn, N.Y., certifies: "To my personal knowledge, the Woods' Method for **curing alcoholism is perfectly safe** and reliable. **It cures in 3 days.** I know **many successful cases."**

Fred A. Giddings, Gorham, Me., writes: "I drank liquor over **40 years,** could find no cure until I got Woods' Set of Remedies. **I am completely free from craving."**

Mrs. C. Millis, Box 6, Palmer, N.Y., writes: "I first drank **gin** as a medicine, got the habit and could not stop until your mild, pleasant **Treatment did it in 3 days."**

Dr. A. B. Griffiths, Ph. D., F. A. S.: "I certify having analyzed the Woods' Treatment. The remedies are **perfectly harmless,** yet exceedingly effective; eminently adapted to banish permanently the craving for alcohol."

W. E. Slade, New Freedom, Pa., writes: "I have not been in such good health for 10 years as I am now. **Peaceful drop, cured me.** I drank **a quart of liquor daily.** Was **completely cured in 72 hours** by your Treatment."

J. P. Eckenroth, Chester, Pa., writes: "Had been a drinker many years heavily; health was **nearly ruined.** Could never stop until I took your Remedies; **completely cured now."**

Hundreds of references, that you can write to, will be sent with my Free Book, in Plain Wrapper.

In two or three years the cured drinker is able to make up for what he has lost in the many years past, as he is in the full possession of mental and physical power. He becomes a man among men.

The drinker's other bad habits and often his ailments such as stomach disorder, rheumatism, liver and kidney trouble, etc., usually disappear when he is cured of alcoholism. **He begins to love his home and all that is near and dear to him.** He is a changed man and he finds that every minute is worth living.

If you cannot write to me to-day, cut this advertisement out and keep it as it will probably not appear again. My address is plainly given: **Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Avenue, near Herald Square, New York, N. Y.**

For drug habits, including the taking of opium, chloral, cocaine, morphine, laudanum, chloroformers, paregoric, etc., I have special remedies, particulars of which will be sent on application if you plainly state what drug is being taken. These treatments are not the same as that which I send for the alcohol habit.

Tobacco habit. A guaranteed Remedy. Write, asking especially for my book on Tobacco Habit. You can quit easily and enjoy better health.

Is Love of Strong Drink Ruining Your Home?

Whether you are the drinker yourself, or the relative of a drinker, I know that intemperance is doing great harm. It will continue to be worse until the craving for alcohol is absolutely conquered, and when this can be easily done in 3 days, why hesitate another day? Time is precious.

I will prove to you that men who have drank heavily for 20-30-40 years, have been cured in 3 days without **losing an hour's time** during treatment.

You can read in my circulars how wives secretly cure their husbands. After men begin to hate the taste of liquor, they are very glad and improve in health.

My Treatment restores and will power, strengthens the brain and nerves, heals and regulates the stomach, kidneys, heart, liver, nerve organs, etc.

My Method puts the man into that happy condition where he gets as much stimulative fun from a glass of water, buttermilk or lemonade as he used to imagine he got from liquor or beer.

You shall see for yourself that mothers and fathers are secretly curing erring sons, and that they are rejoicing at the wonderful results accomplished.

You cannot doubt the efficacy of my Set of Remedies when you read my iron-clad, absolute guarantee, backed by integrity, money, brains and reputation.

THESE PICTURES TELL AN INTERESTING STORY

1. Happily married, although he has had some experience with drink before. **2.** Assures his wife that he never feels desire for drink now. **3.** The Demon of drink begins to **get control,** despite his good intentions. **4. Discharged.** Employers do not care for drinking men nowadays. **5.** Acts strangely toward his family. **6.** The poorly clothed children are **mocked** and their **father called a drunkard. 7.** What little he gets goes for drink. **8.** The poor wife is **in despair. 9.** Has received Woods' Confessions of an Alcohol Slave and is greatly interested; sends for the Set of Remedies. **10. The beginning of happiness!** postman delivers box. **11.** Putting some medicine in his coffee. **12.** He drinks it. He continues to give the preparations. Soon he hates the taste of liquor. **13.** His will power has returned. He promises never to touch another drop—**sends menials in. 14.** Getting rid of the evidences of his downfall. **15.** Regains the position he had lost; employer congratulates him on having taken the **Woods Treatment,** which is curing so many and which employer has recommended to the wife. **16.** No trouble to pass saloons now. **17.** Making a report to the Woods' office, giving names of a few wives who ought to read my book. **18.** Home, as it is when **King Alcohol is cast out of it.**

There is nothing extraordinary about the 18 illustrations; they represent merely a typical case. I could show hundreds, yes thousands, of interesting series, all varying somewhat, yet with the same general outcome. My Treatment conquers the craving for drink, and it succeeds in very many cases after all methods fail.

Frequently large sums are paid for treatment in sanitariums, institutes, etc., yet the liquor habit is conquered only for a brief period and the drinker is afterward permanently cured by the Woods' Method.

My system consists of two forms of Treatment, A and B. My A Set of Remedies is guaranteed to cure alcoholism in three days if the drinker willingly takes the remedies. My B Set of Remedies is the secret method which gradually causes a detestation of drink, so that the person hates even the odor of it.

The Woods' Remedies are guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act and are covered by a certificate which insures success. The preparations can be taken by drinkers of any age, men or women.

Please keep this advertisement, you can do a kindness, make homes happy and perhaps save a life by showing this to those who need the good news. Address:

G. ALLAN ROWE, M. D.
110 NORTH PEARL ST. S., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FREE BOOK

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3393 Lacy Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $5.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

FITS!

To prove to any sufferer that Epilepsy can be cured, we will send you four weeks' treatment free. Write today, with P. O. and Express address. No. 70, Detroit St., Flint, Mich., Kiro Remedy Co.

Why Suffer

the Dangers of Stricture?

I found the cure 17 years ago. SAFE. PAINLESS. Stricture dethrones health and vitality. My book explains symptoms and cure. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. NO FREE SAMPLE FRAUD.

G. ALLAN ROWE, M. D.
110 NORTH PEARL ST. S., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A FINE NIGHT-CAP

The Best Thing in the World to go to Bed and Sleep on.

"My wife and I find that 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and a cup of hot milk, or some cream, with it, makes the finest night-cap in the world," says an Alleghany, Pa., man.

"We go to sleep as soon as we strike the bed, and slumber like babies till rising time in the morning.

"It is about three years now since we began to use Grape-Nuts food, and we always have it for breakfast and before retiring and sometimes for lunch. I was so sick from what the doctors called acute indigestion and brain fag before I began to use Grape-Nuts that I could neither eat, sleep nor work with any comfort.

"I was afflicted at the same time with the most

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

The Three Sisters.

The Blade Book returns to you, with an allegory, for its seventeenth chapter. It is entitled The Three Sisters, and is written by one of our Ohio friends who signs herself—JEWEL FORD.

Once, in a beautiful, vine-clad cottage in a lovely wood, there lived three sisters. Their names were Faith, Hope and Charity. It was their custom to spend each busy day among the people. When they returned home they would sit in the twilight and discuss the day's adventures.

One evening, while they sat by the cottage door, Faith, the eldest of the sisters, began.

"This morning as I was strolling along the highway I came to a little house. Attracted by a groan I entered. A woman was lying on a couch, evidently in a dying condition. Her face wore an expression of agony. As I approached her she smiled and said.

"'Until now, all has been darkness before me, but you seem to bring light and joy. Who are you?"

"'I am Faith,' I replied. 'I will lead you safely through the Valley of Death. Fear not.'

"She placed her hand in mine trustingly. I led her through the long, dark valley, until we came to a beautiful river, where a solitary boat was anchored. In the golden splendor on the shore opposite we could see a multitude of white robed figures beckoning, and hear a mighty chorus of voices echoing across the water. She stepped into the boat, smiling as she waved farewell, and the silent boatman rowed her quickly across the stream. I could hear a sound as of great rejoicing when she stepped from the boat, but she was lost to sight as she mingled with the throng. Now, Sister Hope, what have you to tell?"

"I wandered along the river," replied Hope, "almost all day. I was about to start home when I noticed a young man standing on the bridge. His hands trembled as he clutched the railing, and in the dark look of despair that marked his face I read his purpose. I spoke to him, but he answered not; I placed my arm around him, but he shrank from my touch. At last I succeeded in winning his confidence and he told me of his trouble. It was a pitiful tale of wasted youth; a reckless life; a fortune squandered; he had wandered far from the Path of Righteousness; he was a disgrace to his friends, and thinking that the rest of his existence would be spent in wretchedness and remorse, he had resolved to take his own life.

"I showed him what a sad mistake he was making, and when I promised to be his friend and direct him back to the forsaken path, he took me for his guide, and is now on the road to manhood. Dear Charity, we will listen to you."

"I went to the crowded city," said Charity, "and, out of curiosity, I peeped into the windows as I passed the dwelling houses. While peeping into a hovel I heard two half-famished children crying for food, and saw their mother praying for help. My heart was touched. I at once supplied them with food and the little home was filled with sunshine and joy."

After some discussion, the sisters agreed that the day had been well spent. So interested was each in the adventures of the other, they decided that hereafter they would make their journeys together. So it is that FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY are ever found wandering hand in hand, shedding a halo of light over the world.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CANAL PIRATES

Dear Blade Readers—I have been thinking of writing a letter to The Blade for some time, as some of my friends would like to see a letter from Buttermilk Hill. This is a large hill in the central part of Venango county, Pennsylvania, so here goes one.

I am a boy 13 years old and am in the eighth grade at school. We have taken The Blade about 15 years. I can hardly wait till it comes. Thanks be to Elizabeth for publishing the story, "The Nifties and the Indian." It is certainly a fine piece for boys and girls both. I never knew a girl could write such an interesting story for boys.

Who loves baseball? I do for one. We played 90 games last year and won 81 of them, besides winning the pennant. I pitch for our team. It is called the "Canal Pirates."

If you cannot print this now keep it till you can, please, and if it is in print, I will come again, if Elizabeth does not care.—Charles D. Myers, Franklin, Pa.

Elizabeth will be glad to have you come again. Poetry had to be left out, because it would take up too much space. I am glad you liked The Nifties.

HAS MANY PETS

As I have not seen a letter from Seneca county, New York. I thought I would write. I enjoy the Peace Page and Farmstead the best of all. We have taken The Toledo Blade about four years and like it very much.

I live on a farm of about 50 acres and have many pets. They are one horse, two cats and two goldfish, of which I am very fond.

I will make my first letter brief, as I do not wish to make Elizabeth weary the first time. Hoping to see this in print, I remain, your friend—Bessie E. Godfrey, New York.

A SUMMER RESORT

Dear Editor of the Peace Page—My parents have taken The Blade for nearly a year and I am very interested in the letters. I have never seen a letter from Ludington, so I thought I would write and describe our city. We have a summer resort about a mile from the city, to which people come from all parts of the world. It is the largest and most attractive resort on Lake Michigan. It is called Epworth Heights. The cottages are all furnished ready for use. They are built along the shore and the scenery is beautiful.

Please excuse mistakes. This is my first experiment and I am only 14 years old. Hoping to see this in print, for I want to surprise my father. Best wishes to Elizabeth and all. From Elma Garlock, Michigan.:

STORY OF A SELF-MADE MAN

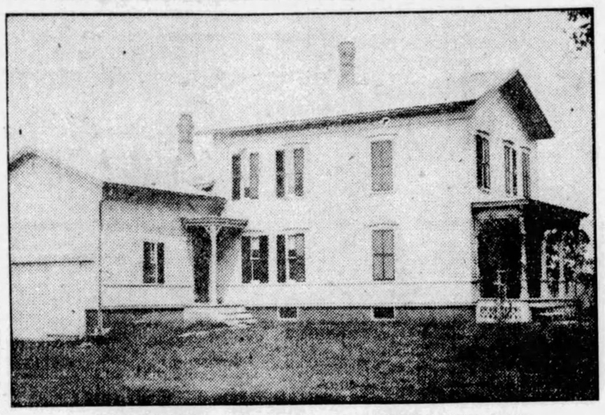
Here is a real life story, which I think many of you will find interesting. It is the story of a self-made man, illustrated with a picture of the home he has built for himself up in Vermont.

I was married at the age of twenty-one years. My father had just bought a farm for five thousand dollars, running heavily in debt for it. I worked my father's farm four years for one-third of the profit. I could have done better elsewhere, but we all wanted to pay for the farm. I expected half of it would be mine eventually, for I had but one brother. At the end of four years the farm with tools and stock was paid for, all but eighteen hundred dollars. My brother was then sixteen years old and wanted my place. My parents thought he would do better than I, so I left the farm, bought a house near it, with land enough to keep a cow, and for nine years was a day laborer. My mother died the year I left home and father married again in a few months. With all their company, good management and bad management on the farm, they were unable to get a living. Father sold three items of land, reducing the farm from one hundred acres to seventy-seven and hired money beside. At the end of nine years, his estate settled for nine hundred dollars. It was all given to the widow for her support, so I did not inherit anything.

With seven hundred dollars cash in hand, and my little place, which later on I sold for eight hundred dollars, I bought the old farm for thirty-eight hundred dollars. I paid five hundred down. With my remaining two hundred I bought the tools and stock I began with. Some of my neighbors gave me encouraging words, but one of them told me I could never pay for my farm. He said I might economize by eating crackers and milk twice a day, but I could not clear my interest money and taxes ($250) on that old run-down farm.

I had faith and went to work at private dairying, making butter for customers and had the farm paid for in seven years. Six years later I built a new house that cost three thousand dollars, and a few years still later, had the house paid for. Now I have a savings bank account, that, without the farm, is probably good for our support as long as we live, if we die in tolerably good season. Our united ages are 157 years.

My wife and I have not made slaves of ourselves. We have taken rest and recreation often. We have made twenty-four visiting trips, going from fifty to four hundred miles at a trip and staying from one to two weeks.



THE HOUSE AND HOME OF A SELF-MADE MAN.

Usually one of us has gone at a time, while the other has cared for things at home. Suffering the dreadful misfortune of no children, I have given a good deal of attention to different branches of natural history, as a shift and rest from hard work. In mineralogy, paleontology, entomology, conchology and botany I have made collections aggregating fifty-two hundred species, in all over twenty-five thousand specimens, all nicely arranged in cabinet drawers that I have made, and all with their correct scientific names. For the past ten years I have had a camera and have made pictures of my buildings, neighbor's buildings and many views about, and at auctions, parades, fairs, celebrations and so on. I have sold pictures enough to pay for my camera and the photographic stock I have used. I have as nice a farm residence as there is in town; no brush, briars or weeds along the highway, or at the borders of fields; no rubbish in sight anywhere; no farming tools out from under cover when not in use.

I live on a main road, close by a small village, within one hundred rods of postoffice, two stores, two shops, school, church and town hall. The dairying still goes on. I am making butter for my customers that I have supplied for more than thirty years.—Barton Baker, Vermont.

POETS' CORNER

JIM BLUDSO

By John Hay.

Wall, no I can't tell where he lives.
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the "Prairie Belle?"

He warn't no saint—them engineers
Is pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-Under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A careless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkard man in a row—
But he never pinked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip'
And her day came at last—
The "Movastar' was a better boat,
But the "Belle," she wouldn't be passed.
And so came a tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line.
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galloot's ashore.

Thro' the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard.
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

TWO LITTLE CHILDREN

By E. C. Avis.

Two little children were strolling, one day,
Down by a clear river side;
One came up to a boatman and said:
"Row me over the tide."

"We are so poor, and so hungry, and cold,
We have no place to abide;
Pa-pa and ma-ma, and Nellie are gone,
Row us over the tide."

"Dear ma-ma told little Charlie one day,
Jesus would care for her child;
But we are tired of waiting so long,
Row us over the tide."

Two little faces no more we shall see,
Sweetly they sleep side by side;
Jesus so full of compassion and love,
Rowed them over the tide.

Jesus, who died for the rich and the poor,
Answered the little one's prayer,
And He who notes every sparrow that falls,
For His own children will care.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

By Felicia Hemans.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mountain, stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night,
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight
Where are they sleeping now?

One midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,
Above the noble slain,
They wrapt his colors round his breast
On the blood red fields of Spain.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep,
He was the loved of all yet none
Ore his low bed may weep.

And one o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned,
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of this bright band.

And parted thus they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent's knee.

They, that with smiles lit up the hall
And cheered with song the hearth,
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

LET US SMILE

Author Unknown.

The thing that goes the farthest toward
making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart
that loves its fellow men,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom
and coax the sun again.
Its full of worth and goodness, too,
with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars and doesn't
cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we
see a cheery smile.
It always has the same good look—
it's never out of style.
It nerves us on to try again when
failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good
for me and you.
It pays a high interest, for it is
merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars and doesn't
cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can
wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can
squeeze a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart
strings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is
very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what
by a smile is meant—
It's worth a million dollars and doesn't
cost a cent.

BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS

Author Unknown.

Beautiful mansions, home of the blest,
Land where the faithful ever shall rest,
There is my treasure, there shall I be,
Lord, I am weary, lead me to thee.
CHORUS.
Saviour, be near me, Thy gentle voice
can cheer me,
O Jesus my Saviour, lead me to thee.
Here in a desert, cheerless I roam,
Laden with sorrow, far from my home;
Clouds on my pathway darkly I see,
Lord, I am weary, lead me to thee.

Thou will not leave me comfortless here,
Why should I doubt thee, what do I
fear;
Light in the distance, breaking I see,
Yet I am weary, lead me to thee.

Jesus, I love thee, dwell in my heart,
Never, O never, from me depart;
Hope like a rainbow, shining I see,
Yet I am weary, lead me to thee.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Again this week, about the hobby question, we have a little bit more.

MUSIC IS HIS

We New Yorkers rarely ever write to The Blade. The south, west and middle west are well represented. Occasionally a letter floats over from the land of codfish, clam chowder and baked beans, but seldom do I see a letter from New York state. In a literary sense I have eaten many good things from sister Elizabeth's table. Age—please excuse me—I—well, here goes. I have to quote Shakespeare—"Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

I live near the foothills of the Catskill mountains in the midst of a good farming section. I am something of a pessimist by nature, but Sister Elizabeth always whips me back into line. Old Jim Jucklin says: "You may try as hard as you will to make a hymn out of life, the first thing you know, a jig-tune pops in."

That is the way it is with me. I am much interested in church and Sunday school work and try not to be "naughty," but when I tune up my old fiddle and play a solemncholly tune, the first thing I know, a jig tune pops in.

Music is my hobby, but I have so much work to do that I do not have much time to ride it. Music is a part of my "inner me." It talks to me. Anthems and oratorios tell me the story of a life. All the different kinds of music, from grave to gay, from lively to severe, are types of the different phases of human life. I realize I have not been very dignified in entering your family circle with so little preambleistic ceremony—I dislike ceremony anyway—but I shall make bold and beg an invitation to your next telepathic reunion, where we shall sing and play some of the good old songs, and, perhaps, wind up with a regular Old Zip Coon concert right off the reel. Yes, I know, the curfew rang some time ago. Good night.—Old Hayseed, New York.

CHEROKEE GIRL APPROVES

Dear M. G. R'S.—It is not my turn to write but in this particular respect I am very much a Quaker. If the spirit moves me to write, I write, regardless of consequences, and it is "up to you," to read it. I like to sit back and listen to others for quite awhile, then I like to talk some myself.

The hobby question is sure to be a good one. I want to see it discussed to the fullest extent. The letters bearing on this, have been fine. There are so many things and subjects that I particularly love, that I suppose I have no hobby. We cannot have a dozen hobbies, can we? When there are many, they cease to be hobbies. I believe I love almost everything too well to have a hobby, but I have some friends I think are afflicted with hobbies. Almost everyone of them have one apiece, at least. It is sometimes about as bad as being at a picnic with a small relative who wants to be always riding the merry-go-round, and then again, it is very profitable and I enjoy it, so come on with your hobbies. Maybe I shall soon discover mine and come prancing along with it.

I answer to Cherokee girl, but the rest all seem to give their names and addresses to their epistles, so I shall follow suit with mine.—Kate N. Smith, Westville, Oklahoma.

Thank you very much, my dear, for your pleasant words to me. Come some more.—Elizabeth.

A HOBBY STORY

I live in North Carolina, in the beautiful land of the sky, and I like it very much. Pennsylvania Jake called for hobble. I believe we all have one or more, but, perhaps, we do not go crazy over them. I heard of a man that went crazy over his hobby. He was riding a stick up and down the hall. Another man stopped him and said. "You have a nice horse."

"It isn't a horse, it's my hobby," he answered.

"Well," said the other, "what is the difference between a horse and a hobby?"

The hobbyist replied, "you can stop your horse and get off, but you cannot get off your hobby."

I enjoy the Peace Page very much and I wish it came every day. Peace and good will to all the readers.—Nan, North Carolina.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

"GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY"

I thought I would just run in for a chat while the pumpkin was stewing for my pies—it is pumpkin pie time, you know—all of you just drop in and get a piece—I will make an extra large one. While looking over some old papers the other day, I came upon the piece about the little girl (whom I very much suspect was our Elizabeth) that wanted the boatman to "roar" her over the river. It made me think of an incident in my own life. When a little girl and first going to school, among other things, we were taught to sing. One piece that was a favorite of mine was "Old Dog Tray." Some of the words are:

Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away.

I insisted that it was "Grease cannot drive him away," and that was the way I sang it, much to the amusement of my older sisters, who were telling me continually that I did not sing it right. Children have strange ideas sometimes. Now is the time to preserve watermelon rinds. It is a very nice substitute for citron in fruit cake.—Aunt Eloise of Michigan.

FROM CALIFORNIA

Dear Elizabeth and Readers of the Peace Page—Well, well! Here I am away out on the Pacific coast reading letters in The Blade, from the Old Jigger from Up the Creek. I certainly enjoy them, as he writes of my old home and birthplace, Franklin, Pennsylvania.

In the past April we came to California to make our home, and oh, what a beautiful place it is! Flowers and fruit galore! My geraniums are eight feet high and live out of doors and bloom the year around. The one I prize, is a pansy geranium. The blossoms are such beautiful lavender and each section of the flower, resembles a pansy. No place on the globe, can there be found a climate just like we have here, in a strip of land about forty miles wide by two hundred and fifty miles long. We have had no rain since April 26th, but the oranges lemons, peaches, apricots, apples and English walnuts in our backyard are fine, as we irrigate our land. I am told that we will not have any weather hotter than we have had. So far, the hottest day the thermometer stood at 80. The nights are delightfully cool, consequently we can rest well after a hard day's work.

When I read Mrs. William Reimann's letter about crossing the plains, I could see the desert land we crossed as we came here, but where there is water, it is like a Garden of Eden.

Sometime, I may write again, describing the country and climate more fully. I enjoy not only the Peace Page of The Blade, but every page.—From Emma, of Santa Monica, California. Written August 25th.

A VERMONTER

Dear Elizabeth—I saw quite a readable letter in one of the recent Blades from Uncle Jim of Missouri, a boy 76 years young, and, as I am a girl five years younger, it gave me encouragement to add just a little to the Peace Page, which I enjoy reading.

I am a Vermonter, I am proud to say, born in this grand old state, with its wealth of granite and marble, its Morgan horses, and its fine maple sugar, and, not least, its most gorgeous scenery and views unsurpassed. I live on and own a large farm (but have no "bees"), so I have to rent it. Fruit is scarce in this section. Heavy rains have helped out fall feed, so we ought to be very thankful.

My first letter must not be too long. I can say amen to Adirondack Bill'5s letter.—From Vic of Vermont.

SUPPOSE YOU WRITE

I know this is a very busy season with you housekeepers, but when you have time and can, suppose you write and tell what you have for refreshments when company comes for dinner, or tea, or for afternoon occasions, or evening gatherings. These will make excellent chapters for Our Cook Book, of which, I hope, you are making a scrap book as we go along. All of the recipes are worth saving.

OUR COOK BOOK

By BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS

For this week's chapter of the Blade Cook Book, we have a variety of recipes and ways to can. If there is anything we have not yet canned, write and let it be known. We do not want to let anything of this kind escape us.

Canned Mushrooms.

Select perfectly clean mushrooms, peel and stem them. Pack in jars and when jars are full sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt over each. Shake the jars so the salt will fall to the bottom. Adjust the rubbers; lay on the lids; stand jars on a rack in the boiler, in which there is enough water to come nearly to the top of the jars. Cover the boiler; bring water to the boiling point, and boil for one hour. Lift jars from rack; take off lids and throw them into a pan of boiling water. In case the jars are not full, use contents of one jar to fill the others until they overflow, then put on the lids and fasten securely.

Stand the jars on the rack in the boiler, add sufficient boiling water to cover the tops of the jars completely and boil for 30 minutes.

This was asked for in The Blade a few weeks ago. My aunt, Mrs. M. E. Payne, gave it to me.—Helena of Ohio.

Tomato Butter.

Five quarts of tomatoes, six quarts of apples, medium sour. Stew separately, mix well, put in a kettle and add: Six pounds of brown sugar; two tablespoons of cloves; three of cinnamon. Cook till proper thickness. Be sure to keep stirring while it cooks, as it will scorch very easily.—Mrs. W. G., from Michigan.

Preserved Green Tomatoes.

Wash one peck of green tomatoes; cover with boiling water and stand aside 30 minutes. Wipe and cut into slices. Slice also six large, juicy lemons and carefully remove the seeds. Put tomatoes in a porcelain kettle; add the lemons, six pounds of granulated sugar; an even tablespoonful of ground ginger and a half pint of water. Cover and cook slowly, one and a half hours, skimming carefully. Let it cool. When cold, bring again to boiling point, simmer gently another hour, then put into small jars or tumblers.—Mrs. R. A. S., New York.

Citron Preserve.

Pare and cut in slices about half an inch thick. Remove the seeds and pulp; cut the circles in pieces about two inches in length. Weigh the citron and cook in slightly salted water, until the pieces may be pierced with a fork. Take from the kettle, rinse in cold water and drain.

To make the syrup: Use as many pounds of sugar as there are of citron and a pint of water to every pound and a half of sugar. Boil and skim. Add the citron and a sliced lemon, from which the rind and seeds have been removed, to every pound and a half of fruit. Cook slowly. The citron should be perfectly clear when done. Put into glass cans or a stone jar and boil the syrup until quite thick. Pour it over the fruit and cover close. Sent by Mrs. A. D. Morse, New York.

Fried Onions.

Slice ripe tomatoes, not too thin. Roll in flour and fry in hot butter till brown. Season with salt and pepper. Then turn some milk in the spider with a little thickening. When cooked pour over the tomatoes. This sauce may be omitted. Green tomatoes are nice fried in the same way and served without the sauce.

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem is wanted that tells about a girl who did her hair up so high, a minister preached a sermon, taking for his text, "Topknot, come down."

There is a humorous poem requested in which a boy is very much troubled with his history, but has learned one date, 1492, to which he ascribes all historical events. One line is, "I think the cow jumped over the moon in 1492."

The song, Cotton Fields, is asked for.

The poem by John Burroughs containing the lines, "For lo, my own will come to me," is wanted. Also, Paul Laurence Dunbar's, Better Quit Darin' Me, and the songs Garibaldi, Kickapoo Queen, and the poem, Anne Hathaway.

The poem is asked for which begins with these lines: "A mother was bidding goodbye to her boy, he was going to leave her that morn."

The poem entitled, The Other Wise Man, is requested.

Margaret Sangster's Poem, The Sin of Omission, is wanted. This is a clue, "It isn't the thing you do, dear."

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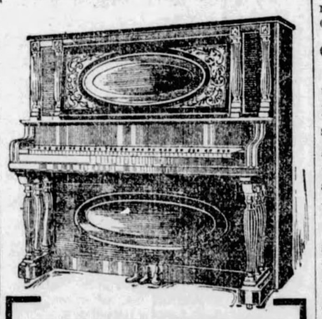

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NAMES FOR FARMS

From one of our friends who signs herself "A Country School Girl," comes these suggestions for farm names: I think if there is a brook or stream on or near the place, that Brookside, or Sunny Brook, would be appropriate. If it is hilly land, Hillside is a good name. If there are woods, Beach Grove, or Maple Grove, or whatever the trees may be, would be pretty.

Our farm is called Rose Lawn. Some of our neighbors' farms are called Lake View, Hope Farm, and Cold Spring Farm.

Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

Tumor Removed.

Elmo, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah J. Stuart, R.F.D. No. 2, Box 16.
Peoria, Ill.—Mrs. Christina Roe, 1105 Mound St.
Natick, Mass.—Mrs. Nathan B. Greaton, 51 North Main St.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Imse, 833 1st St.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Alvena Sperling, 1468 Clybourne Ave.
Galena, Kan.—Mrs. R. R. Huey, 713 Mineral Av.
Victoria, Miss.—Mrs. Willie Edwards.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. W. H. Housh, 7 Eastview Ave.

Change of Life.

Epping, N.H.—Mrs. Celia E. Stevens.
Streator, Ill.—Mrs. J. H. Campbell, 206 North Second St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.—Mrs. Evens, 826 Halsey St.
Noah, Ky.—Mrs. Lizzie Holland.
Cathamet, Wash.—Mrs. Elva Barber Edwards.
Circleville, Ohio.—Mrs. Alice Kirlin, 333 West Huston St.
Salem, Ind.—Mrs. Lizzie S. Hinkle, R.R. No. 3.
New Orleans, La.—Mrs. Gaston Blondeau, 1812 Terpsichore St.
Mishawaka, Ind.—Mrs. Chas. Bauer, Sr., 523 East Marion St.
Racine, Wis.—Mrs. Katie Kubik, R. 2, Box 51.
Beaver Falls, Pa.—Mrs. W. P. Boyd, 2410 9th Av.

Maternity Troubles.

Bronaugh, Mo.—Mrs. D. F. Aleshire.
Phenix, R.I.—Mrs. Wm. O. King, Box 282.
Carlstadt, N.J.—Mrs. Louis Fischer, 32 Monroe St.
South Sanford, Me.—Mrs. Charles A. Austin.
Schenectady, N.Y.—Mrs. H. Porter, 782 Albany St.
Taylorville, Ill.—Mrs. Joe Grantham, 823 W. Vandeveer St.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. Sophia Hoff, 515 McMicken Ave.
Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. M. Johnston, 210 Siegel St.

Backache.

Peoria, Ill.—Mrs. Clara L. Gauwitz, R. R. No. 4, Box 62.
Augusta, Me.—Mrs. Winfield Dana, R. F. D. 2.
St. Paul, Minn.—Mrs. B. M. Schorn, 1083 Woodbridge St.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Mrs. G. Leiser, 5219 Kinkaid St., E.E.
Kearney, Mo.—Mrs. Thomas Asburry.
Blue Island, Ill.—Mrs. Anna Schwartz, 328 Grove St.
East Earl, Pa.—Mrs. Augustus Lyon, R.F.D 2.

Operations Avoided.

Sikeston, Mo.—Mrs. Dema Bethune.
Gardiner, Me.—Mrs. S. A. Williams, 142 Washington Ave.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Ahrens, 2236 W. 21st St.
Bellevue, Ohio.—Mrs. Edith Wieland, 238 Monroe St.
DeForest, Wis.—Mrs. Auguste Vespermann.
Dexter, Kansas.—Mrs. Lizzie Scott.

Organic Displacements.

Black Duck, Minn.—Mrs. Anna Anderson, Box 19.
Wesleyville, Pa.—Mrs. Maggie Ester, R.F.D. 1.
Trenton, Mo.—Mrs. W. T. Purnell, 207 Lincoln Avenue.
Camden, N.J.—Mrs. Ella Johnston, 289 Liberty St.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Tully, 2052 Ogden Avenue.

Painful Periods.

Caledonia, Wis.—Mrs. Ph. Schattner, R.R. 14, Box 84.
Adrian, Mo.—Mrs. C. B. Mason, R.R. No. 2.
N. Oxford, Mass.—Miss Amelia Duso, Box 14.
Baltimore, Ohio.—Mrs. A. A. Balenger, R.F.D. 1.
Negaunee, Mich.—Mrs. Mary Sedlock, Box 174.
Orrville, Ohio.—Mrs. E. F. Wagner, Box 626.
Atwater, Ohio.—Miss Minnie Muelhaupt.
Prairie du Chien, Wis.—Mrs. Julia Konicheck, R. No. 1.

Irregularity.

Buffalo, N.Y.—Mrs. Clara Darbrake, 17 Marmont St.
Winchester, Ind.—Mrs. May Deal, R.R. No. 1, St. Regis Falls, N.Y.—Mrs. J. H. Breyere.
Grayville, Ill.—Mrs. Jessie Schaar, Box 22.
Hudson, Ohio.—Mrs. Geo. Strickler, R. No. 4, Box 32.

Ovarian Trouble.

Murrayville, Ill.—Mrs. Chas. Moore, R.R. 1.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Chas. Boell, 2219 N. Mole St.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St., North.
Hudson, Ohio.—Mrs. Lena Carmocino, R.F.D. 1.
Westwood, Md.—Mrs. John F. Richards.
Benjamin, Mo.—Mrs. Julia Frantz, R.F.D. 1.

Female Weakness.

W. Terre Haute, Ind.—Mrs. Artie E. Hamilton.
Elmo, Mo.—Mrs. A. C. DaVault.
Lawrence, Iowa.—Mrs. Julia A. Snow, R. No. 4.
Utica, Ohio.—Mrs. Mary Earlwine, R.F.D. 3.
Bellevue, Ohio.—Mrs. Charley Chapman, R.F.D. No. 7.
Elgin, Ill.—Mrs. Henry Leiseberg, 743 Adams St.
Schaefferstown, Pa.—Mrs. Cyrus Hetrich.
Cresson, Pa.—Mrs. Ella E. Aikey.
Fairchance, Pa.—Mrs. Idella A. Dunham, Box 152.

Nervous Prostration.

Knoxville, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Franks, R.F.D. 3.
Gronogo, Mo.—Mrs. Mae McKnight.
Camden, N.J.—Mrs. W. P. Valentine, 902 Lincoln Avenue.
Muddy, Ill.—Mrs. May Nolen.
Brookville, Ohio.—Mrs. R. Kinnison.
Pitchville, Ohio.—Mrs. C. Cole.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Frank Clark, 2416 E. Allegheny Ave.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

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MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

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HE IS A JOINER, AFTER ALL

Providence, R. I., Oct. 4.—The Rev. Edwin S. Straight, the carpenter-clergyman, who was provisionally engaged to marry Colonel John Jacob Astor and Miss Madeline Force, and who waited in vain at a Newport hotel for the summons to the Astor villa, is likely to find himself obliged to abandon carpentry for the work of marrying couples attracted by his connection with the Astor-Force case. Mr. Straight has averaged about two weddings a day for the past fortnight and his immediate future crowded with engagements along the same line.

ROOSEVELT RAPS CRITICS ON CANAL

Says He Acted for People, Not for Any Group of Opposing Bandits.

New York, Oct. 5.—"It must be a matter of pride to every honest American citizen that the acquisition of the canal and the building of the canal, in all their details, were as free from scandal as the public acts of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln," says Theodore Roosevelt in an article in the Outook on "How the United States Acquired the Right to Dig the Panama Canal."

Colonel Roosevelt iterates that no important fact in this connection ever was omitted from his messages to congress. Every action taken, he says, not only was merel proper, but was carried out with the finest standards of public and governmental ethics, and if Paris and New York speculators dealt on the apparent conditions, he says, that was nothing less than the speculators did in connection with the battle of Waterloo or Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

For People, Not "Bandits."

Opposition to the method, he declares, was really opposition to the canal being dug at all.

"Of course, there was at the time, and has been since, much repetition of statements that I acted in an 'unconstitutional' manner, that I 'usurped authority' which was not mine," the article continues. "The simple fact was, as I have elsewhere said, that when the interest of the American people imperatively demanded that a certain act should be done, and I had the power to do it, I did it unless it was specifically prohibited by law, instead of timidly refusing to do it unless I could find some provision of law which rendered it imperative that I should do it. In other words, I gave the benefit of the doubt to the people of the United States and not to any group of bandits, foreign or domestic, whose interests happened to be adverse to those of the people of the United States.

"In my judgment, history had taught the lesson that the President has very great powers if he chooses to exercise those powers; but that, if he is a timid or selfish man, afraid of responsibility and afraid of risks, he can, of course, manufacture ingenious excuses for failure to exercise them. At a great crisis in American history Mr. Buchanan had shown himself to belong to the latter type of President; Mr. Lincoln had represented the other type, the type which gave the people the benefit of the doubt."

Avoided Much Debate.

Mr. Roosevelt refers to the act of congress of 1902 for the acquisition of the Panama canal, and says:

"In October and November, 1903, events occurred on the Isthmus of Panama which enabled me, and which made it my highest duty to the people of the United States, to carry out the provisions of the law of congress. I did carry them out, and the canal is now being built because of what I thus did."

"If I had observed a judicial inactivity about what was going on at the isthmus, had let things take their course, and had then submitted an elaborate report thereon to congress, I would have furnished the opportunity for much masterly debate in congress, which would now be going on—and the canal would still be 50 years in the future..

No Need to Incite Revolt.

"There was no need of any outsider to excite revolution in Panama. There were dozens of leaders on the isthmus already doing their best to incite revolution. It was not a case of lighting a fuse that would fire a mine—there were dozens of such fuses being lit all the time; it was simply a case of its ceasing to be the duty of the United States to stamp on these fuses or longer to act in the interest of those who had become the open and malignant foes of the United States—and of civilization and of the world at large.

"Acting in view of all these facts, I sent various naval vessels to the isthmus. The orders to the American naval officers were to maintain free and uninterrupted transit across the isthmus, and, with that purpose, to prevent the landing of armed forces with hostile intent at any point within 50 miles of Panama. These orders were precisely such as had been issued again and again in preceding years—1900, 1901 and 1902, for instance. They were carried out. Their necessity was conclusively shown by the fact that a body of Colombian troops had landed at Colon and threatened a reign of terror, announcing their intention of killing all American residents in Colon. The prompt action of Capt. Hubbard, of the gunboat Nashville, prevented this threat from being put into effect; he rescued the imperiled Americans and finally persuaded the Colombian troops to re-embark and peacefully return to Colombia.

"We recognized the Republic of Panama. Without firing a shot we prevented a civil war. We promptly negotiated a treaty under which the canal is now being dug."

The surviving real daughters of the American revolution are becoming fewed every year, the latest one to die being Mrs. Emmeline Walton, of Hastings, Mich. Her father served under Washington in the Northampton militia.

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BANDITS ROB A TRAIN

Three Masked Men Rob Cars in Oklahoma.

Bartlesville, Okla., Oct. 4.—Missouri, Kansas & Texas train No. 39, from Kansas City to Oklahoma City, was held up by three masked men early today near Okesa, 10 miles south of here.

The robbers rifled the mail and baggage cars, but it is believed got little of value. They did not enter the passenger cars, and escaped as soon as they had finished their work.

Two trunks, full of valuable jewelry samples belonging to a salesman for an eastern firm, were put on the train here, but it has not been learned whether or not they were stolen.

A special train carrying a sheriff's posse and bloodhounds has left here for the scene of the robbery.

Four shots were fired and the engineer and fireman saw three masked men climbing over the tender, pointing revolvers at them.

Several occupants of the two passenger coaches awoke and looked out the windows. After firing several more shots in the air, the bandits compelled Switz Enky, the fireman, to uncouple the baggage and express cars and run some distance from the remainder of the train.

The robbers fled after spending 15 minutes going through the baggage and express cars.

TCRKEY GOBBLER SITS ON NEST

Male Fowl Aims to Hatch Brood of Young Turks.

Evans, Colo., Oct. 7.—Turkey gobblers have been known to care for motherless chicks, but a three-year-old, handsome bronze gobbler on the George Jones farm near here is sitting on a nest of 20 eggs and results are anxiously watched.

A short time ago Mrs. Jones discovered the gobbler nesting on seven turkey eggs. She attempted to chase him from the nest, but he fought her off. He continued to hold the place, and becoming convinced that the gobbler intended to raise a family, its owner decided it might as well be a large one and put 13 more eggs under him.

It is said that the gobbler is proving more faithful to his job than the average hen, seldom leaving the nest, and then only for a minute at a time.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Oct. 10.—Wheat traders size up the government crop estimate as rather bullish. This, with hard Liverpool cables and reports of too much rain in Argentina, caused prices to swing up from ¼c to ⅝c at the very start. Selling interests were not overjoyed at reports of more rain in Alberta and other Canadian provinces. Toledo cash opened at 98c, December at $1.00, and May at $1.05¼.

Threatening weather in Argentine continued to exert upward pressure. Cash closed ⅜c up at 98½c, Dec ⅝c higher at $1.00¾. May ⅝c up at $1.05¾.

To wet weather was attributed the strong early corn market. Yesterday's government report was about as expected. Toledo December opened 1-8c up at 65 1-8c, and May 1-8c down at 66c, the market gaining 1-8c to ⅜c in the first hour.

Cash corn closed at 73¼c, Dec. at 65⅜c. May at 66⅜c.

An advance of 1-8c in oats at the outset was soon lost. December opened at 50⅛c, and May at 52⅜c.

Final oats prices: Cash 49½c, Dec. 50⅛c. May 52⅜c.

Clover seed, on the call, was about 2½c advanced at $12.45. A slight loss developed soon after the call.

Receipts were 70 bags. Rains firmed up the situation, the close being $12.52 in cash and Oct. and $12.47½ in Dec. and Mar.

TOLEDO.

	High.	Low.	Oct. 10.	Close. Oct. 9.
Wheat—Open.				
Cash ... 98	....	....	98½	97¾
Dec. ... 1.00	1.00⅜	....	1.00¼	99⅝
May ... 1.05¼	....	....	1.05½	1.04⅝
Corn—				
Cash	....	....	73¼	82¾
Dec. ... 65⅛	....	....	65⅜	65
May ... 66	....	....	66⅜	66⅛
Oats—				
Cash	....	....	49½	49½
Dec. ... 50¼	....	....	50⅛	50⅛
May ... 52⅜	....	52½	52⅜	52½
Clover Seed—				
Cash ...12.45	....	12.42½	12.52½	12.42½
Oct. ...12.45	....	12.42½	12.52½	12.42½
Dec. ...12.45	....	12.42½	12.47½	12.37½
March ...12.45	....	12.42½	12.47½	12.40
No. 2... ...	....	....	12.10@12.25	
Rejected ...	....	....	11.85@12.00	
N. F. G. ...	....	....	11.60@11.75	
Rye—				
No. 2... ...	....	....	99	99
Timothy—				
Cash	....	....	7.45	7.37½
Dec.	....	....	7.45	7.37½
March	....	....	7.50	7.40
Alsike—				
Cash	....	....	10.85	10.80
Dec.	....	....	10.95	10.90
March	....	....	11.00	11.25

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
Dec. 98	98⅛	98	98¼	97⅜
May 1.03⅝	1.04⅜	....	1.04⅛	1.03⅜
July 99½	99⅝	99½	99⅝	99⅜
Corn—				
Dec. 64½	....	64⅛	64⅜	64½
May 65⅝	....	....	65⅞	65⅜
Oats—				
Dec. 47⅜	....	47¼	47⅜	47⅜
May 50¼	....	50	50¼	50⅛

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
Dec. 1.02⅝	....	....	1.02⅛	1.02½
May 1.08⅛	....	....	1.08⅞	1.08¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
Dec. 97⅜	....	....	97⅜	97
May 1.02⅝	....	....	1.03⅜	1.02⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—				
Dec.	....	....	1.03⅛	1.08⅛
May	....	....	1.13⅛	1.12⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—				
Dec.	....	....	1.08⅝	1.07⅜
May	....	....	1.12⅜	1.15⅝

WINNEPEG.

Wheat—				
Oct.	....	....	98⅝	97⅜
Dec.	....	....	95½	94⅜

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—				
Jan. ... 15.30	....	....	15.10	15.37
May 15.12	....	....	14.97	15.22
Lard—				
Oct. 8.87	....	....	8.80	8.95
Jan. 8.87	....	....	8.77	8.95
May 8.97	....	....	8.87	9.02
Ribs—				
Oct. 8.25	....	....	8.12	8.32
Jan. 7.95	....	....	7.87	8.05
May 8.10	....	....	7.97	8.15

Money and Stocks.

New York, Oct. 10.—(Wall Street.)—There were no changes of importance from yesterday's final prices in the opening transactions in stocks today. Variations of the active issues were confined to small fractions about equally divided between gains and losses. Chicago Great Western gained ⅛ point and New Haven lost the same amount.

After a brief period of hesitation and receding prices the market began to rise in a more vigorous fashion, with a good demand for Union Pacific, Reading, Lehigh Valley, Atchison and United States Steel. None of the gains in the market leaders exceeded fractional limits, but there were larger advances in less active stocks. Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis moved up 2½ and General Electric and Texas Company 2.

Speculative interest in stocks was at a low ebb today and in the absence of any new influence the market became stagnant. An attempt to drive in the short interest, which is believed to have become considerably enlarged, produced no decided result and during most of the morning session prices were held firmly. The market was unable to absorb the volume of realizing sales and prices eased off slightly before noon. Atlantic Coast Line lost 1¼ of yesterdays' gain. American Beet Sugar lost about as much. Selected stocks continued to move independently of the course of the general market. Bonds were quiet, with some of the southern issues reflecting the recent rise in the stocks.

Some selling orders were distributed after 1 o'clock and all of the active issues gave way from half a point to a point below their high figures. United States Steel and Reading again relapsed to below yesterday's closing. Norfolk & Western was in unusual demand and improved 2½ to 105½.

New York Stocks.

Toledo, Oct. 10, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	127¾	127¾	126	126
Atchison	104¼	104¾	103⅞	104½
Am. Car & F. Co	48	48	48	48
Anaconda	32	32	32	32
Amal. Copper	40¼	40⅜	39¼	39⅝
Am. Smelters	63	63¼	62⅞	63
Am. Steel Fdy	33	33⅛	33	33⅛
Am. Tel. & Tel	134	134⅝	134	134⅝
Am. Tobacco pfd	97¾	97¾	97⅜	97⅜
Am. Cotton Oil	49⅞	50⅛	49⅛	50⅜
Am. Beet Sugar	56¾	56⅞	55¼	56
Balt. & Ohio	96	96¾	96	96
B'lyn R. Trans	73⅞	74⅛	73⅞	74⅛
Chicago & G. W	19	19	19	19
Canadian Pac	228½	227	228½	227
Clover Leaf	18⅝	18⅝	18⅝	18⅝
Clover Leaf pfd	41	41¼	41	41¼
Colorado Fuel	27	27	27	27
Ches. & Ohio	72¼	72½	72	72¼
Consolidated Gas	138⅛	138⅝	137¼	137¼
Can pfd.	85⅝	85⅝	85	85
Corn Product com	11⅝	11⅝	11⅝	11⅝
Del. & Hudson	160½	160½	160¼	160½
Erie com.	29⅝	30¼	29⅝	30¼
Gt. Northern pfd	124⅝	124⅝	124⅜	124⅛
Gt. Northern Ore	49	49⅝	49	49⅜
Int. Harvester com	104	104¼	104	104
Interborough pfd	45¼	45½	45	45
K. C. So. com	29	29	29	29
Louis. & Nash	146	146½	144¾	144⅝
Laclede Gas	103	103	103	103
Missouri Pacific	37¾	37⅞	37⅝	37⅝
M., K. & T. com	29	30	29	29⅝
North. Pacific	114¾	114⅝	114¾	114⅝
National Lead	46¾	46¾	46¼	46⅜
Nevada Con's.	15⅝	15⅝	15½	15½
Northwestern	143	143	143	143
North Am. Co.	67½	67¾	67¼	67¼
Nickel Plate com	48	48⅝	48	48⅝
N. & W. com	103	106	103	105⅝
N. & W. Con. 4's	104	105⅞	104	105⅞
Ont. & Western	38½	38¾	38⅛	38⅛
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	29	29	29	29
Penn. Ry.	121¼	121⅞	121¼	121¼
Pacific Mail	30⅛	30¼	30¼	30¼
People's Gas Co	104⅝	104⅞	104⅜	104⅞
Reading com.	136⅝	137¼	136¼	137
Rock Island	23½	23⅞	23½	23⅞
Rock Island pfd	44⅝	44¾	44⅜	44¾
Rep. I. and S. Co	22½	22¾	22½	22½
Ry. Steel Springs	27½	27⅝	27¼	27¼
South. Ry.	27¼	27⅝	27¼	27⅜
South. Ry. pfd	67½	61½	67¼	67½
St. Paul	107½	108	107⅜	108
South. Pacific	106⅞	107¼	106½	107
So. Pac. Con. 4's	95⅜	95⅝	95⅜	95⅝
Texas Pacific	24½	24⅝	24¾	24⅝
Tenn. Copper	33⅞	35¼	33⅞	35
Union Pacific	159⅝	159⅞	159	159⅝
Union Pacific pfd	90⅞	91	90⅞	91
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	101⅝	101⅞	101⅝	101⅞
U. S. Steel	50¼	50⅝	58⅝	59
U. S. Steel pfd	109	109	109	109
U. S. Steel 5's	101⅜	101⅜	101⅝	101⅝
U. S. Rubber com	43½	44	43½	43⅝
Utah Copper	41	47	40⅝	40⅝
Virginia Chem.	48¼	48¼	47⅜	47⅜
Western Md.	52¾	53¼	52½	53
Wabash com.	11¾	11⅞	11¾	11¾
Wabash pfd.	22⅝	22⅞	22⅝	22⅞
Western Union	70¾	70¾	70¼	70¾
Westinghouse	61¼	61¾	61¼	61¼

Toledo Live Stock

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Oct. 10.—Hog receipts were light and the market ruled steady. The close was weak. Demand ruled slow. Cattle were slow and weak.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $6.80@6.85; good mediums, $6.80@6.85; heavy Yorkers, $6.80@6.85; light Yorkers, $6.50@6.75; good pigs, $6.00@6.25; bulk of sales, $6.80@6.85; good mixed, $6.80@6.85; stags and roughs, $4.50@5.75.

Cattle—Prime steers, $7.00@7.25; good to choice, $7.00@7.25; good fat, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.25; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologna, $3.00@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good heifers, $3.50@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.50; stockers, $3.50@4.00; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@3.50; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.25@4.00; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $1.00@2.50; choice, $6.00@6.40; fair to good, $4.50@5.50; culls, $3.00@4.00; yearlings, $3.50@4.25.

Calves—Choice to extra, $9.00@9.50; fair to good, $8.00@9.00; common to light, $6.00@7.50; heavy and feed, $4.00@5.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 10.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 7,000; market steady; beeves, $4.75@8.40; Texas steers, $4.10@6.10; western steers, $4.10@6.75; stockers and feeders, $3.15@5.55; cows and heifers, $2@6.10; calves, $6@9.25. Hogs, receipts estimated at 20,000; market 5c to 10c lower; light, $6.05@6.75; mixed, $6.10@6.80; heavy, $6@6.80; rough, $6@6.20; good to choice heavy, $6.60@6.80; pigs, $4.25@6.10; bulk of sales, $6.35@6.70. Sheep, receipts estimated at 45,000; market steady; native, $2.50@4.25; western, $3@4.25; yearlings, $3.85@4.75; lambs, native, $4.25@6.20; western, $4.50@6.25.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Oct. 10.—Cattle—Receipts, none. Hogs—Market active; receipts, 2,500; heavy yorkers, $7.20; light yorkers, $7.00; pigs, $6.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,000; top sheep, $4.25; top lambs, $6.50. Calves—Receipts, 250; top, $9.75.

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 30½@31c; solid pack, 29½@30c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 22½@23c; dairy, prime, 22c; packing stock, 16c; oleo, 16@20c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 15c; New York state, 15c; brick, 16c; limburger, 15@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, candled, 26@27c; current receipts, 25c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9¼c; heavy and rough, 8½@9c; calves, prime, 12@12½c; fair, 11c.

Fowls—12@12c; broilers, lb., 10@11c.

Ducks, 12c.

Yearling lambs, 8@9c; spring lambs, 9@10c; sheep, 5@7c.

Cow Beef—5@7c.

Steers—8@10c.

Heifers—7@9c.

New York Produce.

New York, Oct. 10.—Flour about steady, with demand fair. Wheat—There was a moderate advance in wheat early, owing to firm Liverpool cables, the slightly bullish government report, covering of shorts and strength of northwest markets; December, $1.02 9-16@1.02⅝; May, $1.08⅛@1.08⅝. Pork firm; mess, $17@17.50. Beef steady. Lard steady; middle west, $9.10@9.20. Raw sugar firm; Muscovado, 89 test, 5.45c; centrifugal, 96 test, 5.95c; molasses, 89 test, 5.20c; refined steady. Petroleum steady. Spot coffee firm; No. 7 Rio, 14⅜@14¾c; No. 4 Santos, 15⅜@15¾c nominal. Molasses steady. Hay steady.

Butter, firm; receipts, 8,802; creamery, seconds, 25c; do, thirds, 23@24c; process, extras, 23¼@24c do specials, 24½c; factory, current make, seconds, 20½c; factory thirds, 18@19½c. Cheese—Steady; unchanged; receipts, 4,188. Eggs—Steady and unchanged; receipts, 13,546. Poultry—Dressed, quiet; western broilers, 12@19c; fowls, 10@17½c; turkeys, 14@23c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Oct. 10.—Butter firm; creameries, 23@29c; dairies, 21@26c. Eggs steady; receipts, 5,949 cases; at mark, cases included, 17c; firsts, 20c; prime firsts, 21½c. Cheese steady; daisies, 14¼c; twins, 13¾@14c; young Americas, 14@14¼c; long horns, 14@14¼c. Potatoes steady; choice to fancy Wisconsin and Michigan, 68@70c; fair to good Minnesota and Maine, 75@80c; receipts, 75 cars. Poultry, firm; fowls, 15c; chickens, 14½c; springs, 10½c. Veal steady; 50 to 60-lb. wts., 8@9c; 60 to 80-lb. wts., 9½@10½c; 85 to 110-lb. wts., 11.

Cotton.

New York, Oct. 10.—Cotton futures opened steady. October, 9.35c; November, offered, 9.40c; December, 9.55c; January, 9.33c; February 9.40c bid; March, 9.47c; April, 9.52c bid; May, 9.62c; July, 9.69c; September, 9.53c bid.

The cotton market opened steady at a decline of 2@9 points under overnight selling orders from the south, and in sympathy with weak cables. Covering was heavy at the initial prices, and active months steadied up 5 or 6 points right after the call, but selling was very heavy within a point or two of the closing figures of yesterday and prices later weakened again, selling into new low ground and about 7@10 points net lower during the middle of the morning.

Boston Wool.

Boston, Oct. 10.—Small lot buying continues to be a feature of the wool market, while prices remain steady. According to reports from mill centers, the outlook is more favorable. Few sales of territory wool run over 100,000 pound lots, with business general in original bags. Montana wool brings 21 cents, and New Mexico from 16 to 18 cents. A fair amount of Texas twelve months changed hands recently at 18 to 20 cents. Fleeces are firm, but dull, the demand being mostly for low grades, with quarter blood bringing 24 to 24½ cents. Pulled wool shows no change.

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Treasure-Filled Lake.

Guatemala Review.

Ten thousand feet above the sea level, in the mountains of Colombia, not far from Bogota, lies the Sacred Lake of Guatavita, in a huge cup surrounded by hills. An English engineer, with the assistance of a body of natives has in the last few years succeeded in draining off all the water, laying bare a deposit of mud about thirty feet in depth. It is in this mud that the valuable offerings of the ancient natives to their deity are presumably lying, and the beginning of the trenching work has already brought "finds" of a description sufficient to prove that the old tales of hidden treasure are not mythical. There have been recovered up to now a gold bowl, numbers of emeralds, two gold snakes, a gold band, golden images, curiously carved stones and several articles of pottery. According to the stories of historians, these are parts of the gifts which the inhabitants of Colombia were accustomed for centuries to make in propitiation of their gods.

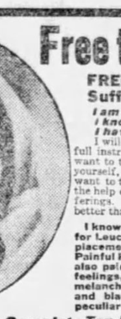
The Chibcha Indians, under the leadership of their chief and high priest, assembled periodically on the shores of the sacred lake, the chief having his body covered with gold dust. There they placed their offerings of gold, precious stones and household treasures on a rude raft, which, when it was heaped up with the priceless cargo, was rowed to the center of the lake by the chief. He then washed off the gold dust from his body and the treasure on the raft was tossed into the water, while the spectators danced and sang on the shore.

After the Spaniards invaded the country the natives are said to have thrown countless treasures into the lake to prevent them from being seized by their conquerors. The latter made some attempt to recover the gold, but met with little success.

Peculiar Fishing Methods

Indians of Bolivia have a peculiar method of going fishing. A writer in the Geographical Journal says: "They use the milk of the 'manuana' or 'soliman' tree, the scientific name of which is, I think, hura crepitans, of the Euphorbia genus, for catching fish. I went with some of the Indians to a lagoon in the forest. Here, floating on the surface of the water, perfectly alive and yet absolutely unable to get away, were fish of all kinds, big and small, from which they selected the most palatable for food. The milk is merely poured into the water, and as it spreads every fish which comes in contact with it becomes paralyzed and yet is not affected as food. Moreover, the effect appears to last for several days without killing the fish. The milk is also used as a cure for toothache, as a caustic and for the purpose of suicide, for which a teaspoonful is employed. As a poison they say the results are painful."

Free to You—My Sister



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"He tried very hard to persuade me to make some effort to throw off this horrible affliction that was fast robbing me of a loving husband, friends, health and all that is worth living for, but in vain. I now see that I am all to blame. We drifted apart. He sought his pleasures elsewhere, at the club, the theatre, at his office. He left me alone to nurse my accumulating self-inflicted sorrows. Finally there was nothing but the divorce court that could settle our differences."

This is the sad story of so many, many women who have passed through the ordeal of the divorce court, as well as the countless thousands of deserted wives who are not divorced, know, down deep in their hearts, was the real cause of their trouble.

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The new scientific wonder is Goyne's Golden Gum. It is the best chewing gum ever compounded. Every stick contains 12 potential ingredients, including genuine gold and sodium chloride.

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October 12, 1911.

Two Consecutive Coupons Constitute a Set.

SCOURS WORLD FOR BROTHER TO HAND HIM A FORTUNE

Joseph Moll, 1936 Chase street, is looking far for John Moll, long lost Toledoan, with the benevolent intention of handing him $1,500. Moll does not know that he has the money coming to him.

It is a part of the estate of Charles Moll, father of John, and the latter does not know that his father is dead. Joseph Moll has been appointed administrator. The elder Moll, who for years was a farmer in Oregon township, died a month ago at his home, 2023 Chase street. He left an estate valued at $12,000.

These are seven children besides John. The latter left Toledo 30 years ago, and has been heard from but once since. That was 15 years ago, shortly after his mother's death. Indirect word of his having been in Cripple Creek in 1896 leads the other heirs to hope that John is still living, and they are reluctant to bring proceedings to have him declared legally dead. So until he is found the estate cannot be distributed.

The Kranz Realty Co., acting for the administrator, is conducting the search for the missing heir.

ASKS ALL U. S. TO DROP IN

South Invites Folks to Pass Through Going to Expositions.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 10.—Through a telegram sent to President Taft, the All-South Conference invited all citizens of the United States to travel through the South and the Southwest in going to the two Panama expositions to be held in California in 1915.

ITALIAN ARMY NEAR TRIPOLI

Government Lands First of Its Legion From Transports, and More Are to Come.

BULLETIN.

Constantinople, Oct. 10.—At a cabinet council today it was decided to close all Italian industrial, financial and scholastic establishments in Turkey and to seize Italian steamers.

Rome, Oct. 10.—The advance guard of the Italian army of occupation landed today at Tobruk, on the northeastern coast of Tripoli, 600 miles east of the city of Tripoli, and 75 miles west of the Egyptian frontier.

Tobruk is one of the gateways to the richest and best part of the Turkish province, and that section of Tripoli which the Italians are said to particularly covet.

Thus is begun the occupation proper upon the accomplishment of which depends Italy's willingness to entertain peace proposals.

The largest part of the Italian expedition is still at sea, closely guarded by warships. Many transports carrying thousands of soldiers sailed from Italy last night and early today, and others will leave tonight.

Communication between Tripoli and the outside world has been restored Assim Bey, Turkish minister at Sofia, today accepted the post of foreign affairs in the new Turkish cabinet. At a council of the ministry, it was decided to close all Italian industrial, financial and scholastic institutions in Turkey, and to seize Italian vessels.

Most of Army on Way.

Rome, via Froneitier, Oct. 10.—The greater part of the Italian army is now on the way to Tripoli. This was learned from messages in conventional language that escaped the censor.

The first contingent, comprising the largest part of the total force, sailed from Naples last night, and another fleet of transports left Taranto at sunrise today. More troops will depart from Agosta tonight. These three groups will assemble as one east of Malta.

The landing of a whole army corps in Tripoli is looked upon as one of the most difficult operations of the war despite the fact that little fear of an attack by the enemy is entertained.

TURKS ASK FOR PEACE CONFAB

Berlin, Oct. 9.—A circular note from the Turkish government asking the powers whether they consider that the time has arrived to seek a basis for negotiations looking to peace between Turkey and Italy and under what conditions, was presented to the German foreign office today. The note contemplates the cession of Tripoli to Italy under certain conditions.

Powers to Discuss It.

It is probable that the communication from Constantinople will be discussed between the other powers before the Italian government is approached. It is thought at the foreign office that Italy may not yet be ready to negotiate.

The decision to expel Italians from Turkey, against which the representations of the German ambassador at Constantinople, Baron Marshall Von Bieberstein, have not been effective yet, was designed chiefly, it is thought here, for effect upon the coming negotiations, Turkey hoping that the threat might induce the Italians to make moderate terms.

Italians Take Fort.

Rome, Oct. 9.—Official dispatches received here say:

"Early Sunday morning the ships of the first Italian squadron entered the roadstead at Toburk, in Bomba Bay, where they found no Turkish warships. They summoned the garrison to surrender, but the Turks replied with a flat refusal and hoisted the Turkish flag.

"The battleship Vittorio Emmanuel opened fire. The first shots carried away the flag and made a large breach in the fort. Rear Admiral Aubrey, commander-in-chief of the fleet, then landed several companies of marines, who, after a short struggle, overcame the resistance of the small Turkish force. The Italians occupied the fort and hoisted their flag. A few Turkish soldiers who refused to abandon the fort without further fighting, were made prisoners."

Tripoli Governor Named By Italy.

Rome, Oct. 6.—Rear Admiral Borreddolino has been made Italian governor of Tripoli following the military occupation of the city by men and guns from the Italian fleet. Today's advices describe the Arabs in the vicinity as offering submission to the invaders while the Turkish defenders of the garrison have retired to the interior.

News dispatches from Tripoli continue meager as the Italians are in a position to exercise strict censorship. Reports from the frontier indicate that there were more casualties during the bombardment than has been officially confirmed.

The only other development of importance today was a statement from Rome that Italy would assume the offensive in the Red Sea, attacking the seaports of Yemen if necessary because the fort of Hodeidah had fired on an Italian cruiser.

GREAT BRITAIN IS NEUTRAL IN THE WAR.

Philadelphia, Oct. 10.—Wilfrid Powell, British consulate at Philadelphia, was today notified that Great Britain has formally declared her neutrality in the Italian-Turkish war. The notification came in a cablegram dated yesterday from the British secretary of state for foreign affairs.

ROYALISTS BEATEN IN FIGHT

Portugal Is Scene of More Trouble in North.

Lisbon, Oct. 7.—A band of royalists has been defeated in a fight with republican troops near Braganca, in Tras-Os-Montes, the northeasternmost province of Portugal. It is rumored that a royalist column at Vinhaes, fourteen miles west of Braganca, is surrounded by republicans.

A column of 700 monarchists, commanded by Senhor Camarcho Canavarro, principal lieutenant of the royalist leader, Capt. Couciere, entered Portugal yesterday morning from Zamora, Spain, and occupied Franca, Carregosa, Espinhozello, Paco, Soutello and Paraimo, all near Braganca.

25 INDIANS KILLED IN FIGHT

Mexico City, Oct. 6.—Twenty-five Indians are reported killed in a battle with federals in Chiapas when Chamula insurrectos tried to cross the Grijalva river in their march upon Tuxtla Gutierrez. Many were drowned.

The repulse of a detachment of Zapata's men by Huerta's federals with some casualties, was reported. In Vera Cruz another small insurrection has been inaugurated. The leader is Raoul Gabriel Ruiz, an ex-Maderista officer. He and his followers are dissatisfied because the provisional governor has not yet established a permanent government.

WAS MOTHER OF FOURTEEN

Zanesville, O., Oct. 10.—Mrs. Catharine Gruelich, 81, mother of 14 children, which is Muskingum county's largest family, died at her home here late last night. She was the grandmother of 52 persons and had one great-grand child. Ten of her children are living and each reside in a different state.

Boom in Moonshining.

Washington Correspondence New York World.

"Moonshining"—the act of manufacturing distilled liquors in violation of the internal revenue law—is on the increase all over the country, according to experts in the treasury department. Of course, the department never concerns itself wtih questions of public policy, and consequently it has nothing to do or say about the increase or decrease of prohibition throughout the United States. Nevertheless, the work of the bureau of internal revenue is immediately concerned with this question of public policy, because it has been found that, wherever prohibition laws exist, there also is afforded the greatest possible incentive for violations of the internal revenue laws by "moonshiners."

It will be some weeks yet before the report of the work of internal revnue agents with respect to the enforcement of the laws against "moonshining" will be compiled for the last fiscal year, but enough is known to warrant the statement that there has not only been a great increase, but a great spread of that industry in the last fiscal year. For instance, in the state of North Carolina, "moonshining" used to exist almost exclusively in the mountain regions. Today the state is honeycombed with illicit stills. The greatest increase in this illegal business in recent years has been noted in Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia and Tennessee. While the internal revenue officers have been constantly raiding the districts where the illicit industry has been known to exist for half a century or more, a backfire has sprung up in the settled districts of these states, which has necessitated an increase in the force of inspectors and agents, and great diligence and energy all along the line.

Furthermore, the "moonshining" industry has begun to invade the north, and particularly some of the larger cities of the north, where the possibility of hiding is excellent. About a year ago the internal revenue agents discovered one of the biggest illicit distilleries in the history of the service in the heart of the Berkshires, in Massachusetts. In an old abandoned hotel, a manufacturing establishment was set up, ostensibly for the purpose of producing maple syrup. As a matter of fact, the product was sugar brandy, which costs about 25 or 40 cents a gallon to produce, and which brings in an income of about $1.50 a gallon when sold. This still was doing a wholesale business when interrupted.

Illuminating Pistols.

Illuminating pistols were used in many night attacks in the recent maneuvers of the German army and they are to be employed hereafter wherever the character of the land makes them preferable to the ordinary search light. They throw light into the deepest and darkest gulleys, whereas the searchlight is useless in valleys and deep lying plains as their rays shoot over these and leave them in apparently still deeper shadows. The machinery of the searchlight, also makes it difficult to move over rolling country, while the pistols are easy to carry. There are two sorts of cartridges, the Scientific American says, producing respectively white and red light, the white lights for illuminating and the red for signaling. The illuminating cartridges develop a light that makes everything within 200 meters (656 feet) visible and lasts eight or ten seconds.

DR. WILEY IN CONTROL

Pure Food Advocate Left in Charge of Board Until Taft Returns.

Washington, Oct. 4.—In a sudden succession of orders, an initial move in the expected reorganization of the department of agriculture, Solicitor George P. McCabe has been retired from the pure food and drug board, Associate Chemist F. L. Dunlap, closely identified with McCabe, was allowed leave of absence until the President returns and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley was left apparently in supreme command of the board.

These changes were announced by Secretary Wilson, following a conference with Dr. Wiley, who has been on a long vacation. They were deemed inevitable in view of the official and personal antagonism aired before a congressional committee last summer and Dr. Wiley's exoneration by President Taft, after Attorney General Wickersham, with views aligned with those of Secretary Wilson and Solicitor McCabe, had recommended Dr. Wiley's removal from office as head of the chemistry bureau because of a technical irregularity in appointive methods, the responsibilty for which he denied.

The pure food and drug board is the agency which passed upon many important cases arising under the enforcement of the pure food law.

Outvoted, Says Wiley.

Dr. Wiley, on the one hand, and Solicitor McCabe and Dr. Dunlap on the other, were the members of the board. Dr. Wiley declared that he was usually outvoted, and made a number of sensational statements in the controversy. Smarting under the frequent overruling of his views, wherein he held food products deleterious to health, he told a congressional committee that he regarded his associate, Dr. Dunlap, as his superior officer.

Secretary Wilson's brief announcement of the change stated that Solicitor McCabe voluntarily resigned and that his resignation had been accepted.

Dr. Dunlap was acting chairman of the board when Dr. Wiley was absent from Washington. Whether Dr. Dunlap will return to his duties on the board was not stated. His temporary withdrawal was attributed officially to the fact that he is to take the customary four weeks' vacation, but Secretary Wilson stated that Dr. Dunlap would not return until after President Taft had returned to Washington.

McCabe's Successor.

In place of Solicitor McCabe to serve with Dr. Wiley on the board, Secretary Wilson appointed Dr. Doolittle, long a member of the bureau of chemistry force, and now head of the bureau substation in New York.

Dr. Wiley and Dr. Doolittle will constitute the majority of the board for the immediate future, the latter's appointment being necessary to give the board's actions legal effect.

The reasons for Solicitor McCabe's resignation were not announced. Secretary Wilson stated that McCabe's duties as solicitor remain unchanged and under the general provisions of the law he will continue to exercise an important control over the enforcement of the pure food law.

"There will be no permanent change in the department's methods of enforcing the pure food law until President Taft has had an opportunity to take up the matter in Washington," said Wilson. "The appointment of Dr. Doolittle will simply continue the board's operations as at present, up to the time when President Taft returns."

Dr. Doolittle was appointed to the board, Secretary Wilson said, because he is one of the leading experts in the bureau of chemistry.

FLOOD WIPES OUT TOWN

Food Is Lost as Groceries and Markets Are Carried Off—Provisions Are on the Way.

Black River Falls, Wis., Oct. 7.—This town of 2,000 inhabitants has been almost blotted from the map of Wisconsin by the flood of Black river. Only a few of the 51 business buildings have escaped the fury of the waters and they seemed doomed.

Within a few hours this rich center of a prosperous farming region will have little to boast except that its history was the scene of a catastrophe.

What is known as lower town, that part of town lying west of the river, today was a place of misery. There most of the residents live. Following a night of anxiety and suffering, they face the realization that no food is available.

Food Swept Away.

Many homes have been demolished and frequently several families share food which would not be enough for one man. Every grocery and market is swept away by the deluge. Provisios will come from the outside soon, but transportation is impeded by washouts.

Two dozen dwellings have been swept away and unless there is a sudden change in the current, many more will disappear into the torrent which still roars in what once was the heart of the city.

So far as can be ascertained there has been no loss of life. Communication with towns down the Black river is impossible, but it is believed that some of them have been carried away, possibly entailing loss of life.

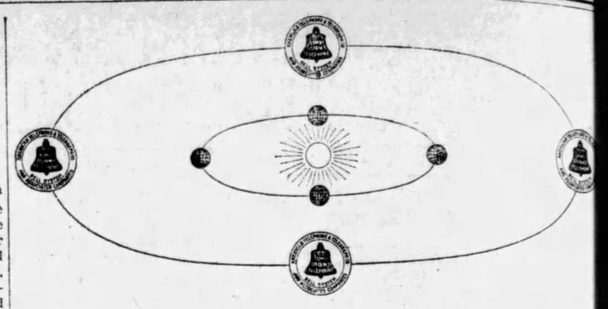
Channel Is Moved.

Everything on the four business streets, comprising the heart of the town, has ETAOIN s.o, a,s-in s'fl T town, is gone. The Northwestern railroad bridge over the Black river at that point is still standing, but is swaying as though the heavy spans were supported only by cables. Train service is cut off at Black river falls, and no persons are even allowed to cross afoot.

At Hatfield, 10 miles above Black river falls, the river had today cut a new channel. The main channel has moved over 500 feet to what was dry land.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNVEILED

Council Bluffs, Ia., Oct. 10.—Many distinguished veterans attending the forty-first annual reunion here of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee took part this afternoon in exercises at the unveiling of a memorial to Abraham Lincoln.



Comparison of the Distance Traveled by Earth and Bell Telephone Messages

The Orbit of Universal Service

In one year the earth on its orbit around the sun travels 584,000,000 miles; in the same time telephone messages travel 23,600,000,000 miles over the pathways provided by the Bell system. That means that the 7,175,000,000 Bell conversations cover a distance forty times that traveled by the earth.

When it is considered that each telephone connection includes replies as well as messages, the mileage of talk becomes even greater.

These aggregate distances, which exceed in their total the limits of the Solar system, are actually confined within the boundaries of the United States. They show the progress that has been made towards universal service and the intensive intercommunication between 90,000,000 people.

No such mileage of talk could be possible in such a limited area were it not that each telephone is the center of one universal system.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

ON HIS LAST JOURNEY

W. E. Curtis, Noted Traveler and Journalist, Gets His Last Assignment.

Philadelphia, Oct. 6.—William Elroy Curtis, the well known traveler, journalist and writer on political topics of Washington, D. C., died suddenly in his room in the Bellevue-Stratford hotel here, last night.

Mr. Curtis arrived here at noon yesterday from New York, accompanied by his wife. Last night he was stricken with apoplexy and, although medical assistance was immediately summoned, it was impossible to save his life.

Mr. Curtis was born in Akron, O., in 1850, and was educated at Western Reserve college. He turned at once to journalism and was connected for several years with the Chicago Inter Ocean and then with the Chicago Record Herald, whose traveling correspondent he remained until his death.

He was several times special commissioner of the United States to South and Central American republics and for three years, from 1890 to 1893 served as director of the Bureau of American Republics.

During the world's fair at Chicago he acted as chief of the Latin-American department, and in 1892 acted as special envoy to the Queen Regent of Spain and Pope Leo XIII. on behalf of the exposition authorities.

One of the earliest newspaper "scoops" of Mr. Curtis was that of getting an interview with the James boys while they were in the midst of their war with the authorities. While detectives were endeavoring to locate the desperadoes Curtis, then a reporter for a Chicago paper, went out to Missouri, found their hiding place and calmly announced he had come for an interview with the bandits.

"We know what you're here for, you're a spy," was the reply of Jesse James. "What's more, you won't get away from here."

But the aggressive reporter was not to have his cherished scoop thus spoiled until too old to be of use to his paper. He refused to be a prisoner. He talked to the James boys about his trip out there to see them so that he might put the truth about them before the public, and finally convinced them he was there for the purpose he stated. "Well, I'm going to give you anything you want just to satisfy you," Jesse James finally agreed.

And he did. He gave Curtis the most vivid interview anybody ever had had with him. Having accomplished his purpose the reporter returned to the nearest telegraph station and wired his "scoop" to his paper. But he kept faith with the men who had taken him at his word. He did not reveal any of the secrets of the rendezvous of the desperadoes, and he did not tell the detectives, who were searching for them, the location of their hiding place.

GERMAN IS WINNER

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 9.—In winning the James Gordon Bennett trophy in the international balloon race, which started from this city Thursday, Lieut. Hans Gericke, pilot of the Berlin II., was lost to the world for the third time.

Saturday night, after all the other entries in the race had been heard from, a telegram was sent by the Aero Club of Kansas City to Fred C. Ainsworth, adjutant general of the United States army, asking that all life-saving stations in the Great Lakes region be requested to look for the German balloon.

Shortly after this telegram was sent a message was received from Lieut. Gericke, telling of his landing at Ladysmith, Wis., at 7 o'clock Saturday morning. He had traveled 468 miles. Gericke and his aid, F. O. Dunker, who came from Germany with the pilot, landed in the wilderness, uninjured, but were unable to reach a telegraph station before midnight.

Lieut. Gericke was given up as lost last year in the international race, which started from St. Louis. In the German balloon Dusseldorf II. he was in the air 42 hours, traveling 1,100 miles, and landing in the wilderness of Canada, from which he and his aid emerged four days later, after enduring many hardships.

Gericke also was given up as lost last summer, when he went up from Berlin in the German eliminating race. He drifted out over the North sea. He was sighted in England, but was again lost from view over the North sea. He finally landed in France.

The nearest rival of the German balloon in this year's race was the Buckeye, piloted by Lieut. Frank Lahm, of the United States army, formerly of Mansfield, O. It landed near La Carosse, Wis., 370 miles from Kansas City. Lieut. Lahm and his aid, H. Wade, Jr., of Cleveland, landed in a swamp, suffering greatly from the cold, having encountered a severe storm after passing over Chicago. They drifted out over Lake Michigan. They tried to rise above this, but succeeded only in finding a current which carried them westward. Both were exhausted with their nine-hour voyage and they decided to land.

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DEAR DOCTOR:—I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free so I can test it in my own case. I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment.

Name .....

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Have you ever written me? ..... *What is your age?* .....

What is your disease?

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.....

- ___ If you are losing flesh.
- ___ If you take cold easily.
- ___ If your appetite is poor.
- ___ If you have rheumatism.
- ___ If you have sick headache.
- ___ If you have pain in the back.
- ___ If you are subject to malaria.
- ___ If you spit up mucus or slime.
- ___ If you are subject to biliousness.
- ___ If you are troubled with catarrh.
- ___ If your sleep does not refresh you.
- ___ If you feel weak and all run down.
- ___ If you have palpitation of the heart.
- ___ If you have heartburn and indigestion.
- ___ If you have weak lungs or cough much.
- ___ If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
- ___ If you belch up wind from the stomach.
- ___ If your hands and feet get cold easily.
- ___ If you spit up sour and undigested food.
- ___ If you have foul breath and coated tongue.
- ___ If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
- ___ If you have specks floating before your eyes.
- ___ If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.
- ___ If you have itching or burning of your skin.
- ___ If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.
- ___ If you have boils and pimples on the face and on the neck.
- ___ If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating.
- ___ If you are depressed in spirits and easily discouraged.
- ___ If you have pains in the back, through loins, hips and joints.
- ___ If you get weak, nervous and trembling after slight exertion.
- ___ If you have twitching of the muscles, limbs, face and eyelids.
- ___ If you have too frequent desire to pass water, or if there is dribbling or painful urination.

It is distinctly understood that I will never ask you to pay for the proof treatment, letter of advice, diagnosis, or for answering your special questions. I will also send you my Medical Book containing valuable suggestions, simple home rules, etc., all free—Absolutely Free—Write at once. Address,

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FILL OUT This Application and Send in TODAY.

To Prove My Claims I'll Send a Treatment

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I want you to try at my expense, not yours. All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine, and that I do cure, otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures; patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you. The worst cases come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. **Try at my expense.** You have nothing to loose.

I Want to Prove to Those People at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my cures by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

When I say that my treatments cure quicker and are superior to anything ever before offered for restoring Health, Vigor and Vitality, I am only repeating what hundreds of men and women are saying for me voluntarily.

"I have improved wonderfully in all my ailments and feel like a new person."
—MRS. T. M. DAVIS.

"I have great faith in your medicine. I am feeling all right now. I have told several of my friends about it."
—MRS. ADA HENDER.

"The Doctor used me fine. The medicine worked fine. My case was a little of everything—stomach in bad and weak condition, poor digestion, liver and kidneys not right, head felt bad all the time, poor blood and weak nerves. These things are all fixed up nicely. I found the Doctor fair and square."
—N. V. KAY.

"I will say under oath that Dr. Jiroch used me alright and grand. He treated me for general debility and I feel like a new man now."
—HENRY LORD.

"I wish to say that the Dr. Jiroch Co., is as reliable as can be found. They treated me right and fair and I am willing to recommend them. The Doctor cured me of pain across the back, headaches, impure blood, debility, neurasthenia and nervousness."
—LEVI S. MESSERLL

"I will say that the Doctor is a perfectly reliable man. They treated me fair and alright. My testimony is genuine. I am willing to recommend the Doctor to anyone. He cured me of rheumatism."
—MRS. MINA A. BARBER.

This limited space permits me to mention only a few patients who first heard of me through an announcement of this kind. They wrote for a proof treatment. Now they are well. I will give you their complete addresses when I send you your Treatment.

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I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself *"If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try."* Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have, two cross marks XX before your *worst* symptoms, sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail it to me today. It will obligate you to nothing. Just let me try to help you. Address

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Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic by a New Discovery

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This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For remember wrinkles and developing the bust, her method truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own method and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.

You can imagine her joy, when by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, but a common sense method.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the thousands of men who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after years of doctors and other methods have failed.

Ethel Baker, of N. Y., writes: "My bust which was once flat and scrawny, is nicely developed."

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Gertrude Morrow, of Pa., writes, your tea treatment causes wrinkles to quickly disappear."

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Cuningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women kind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of attractive women.

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The Sun Ray mantle incandescent Kerosene burner burns common kerosene or coal oil; 300 candle-power light; burns 95 per cent air and only 5 per cent oil. Burners fit all lamps; odorless, noiseless, absolutely safe. Every lamp guaranteed. Sells itself. Free Samples to workers. Write for agency proposition, prices defy competition.

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